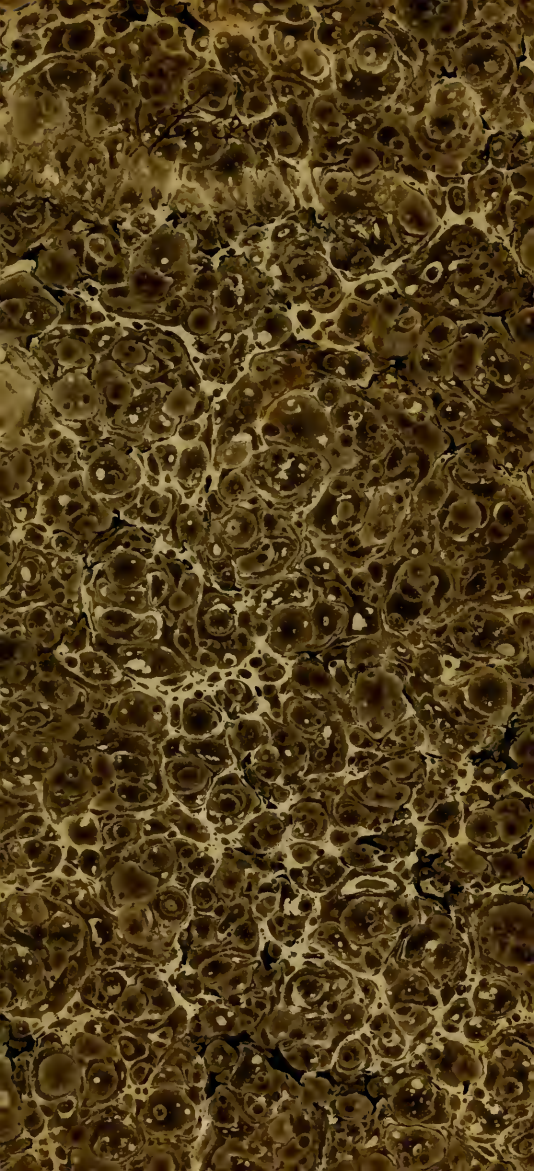
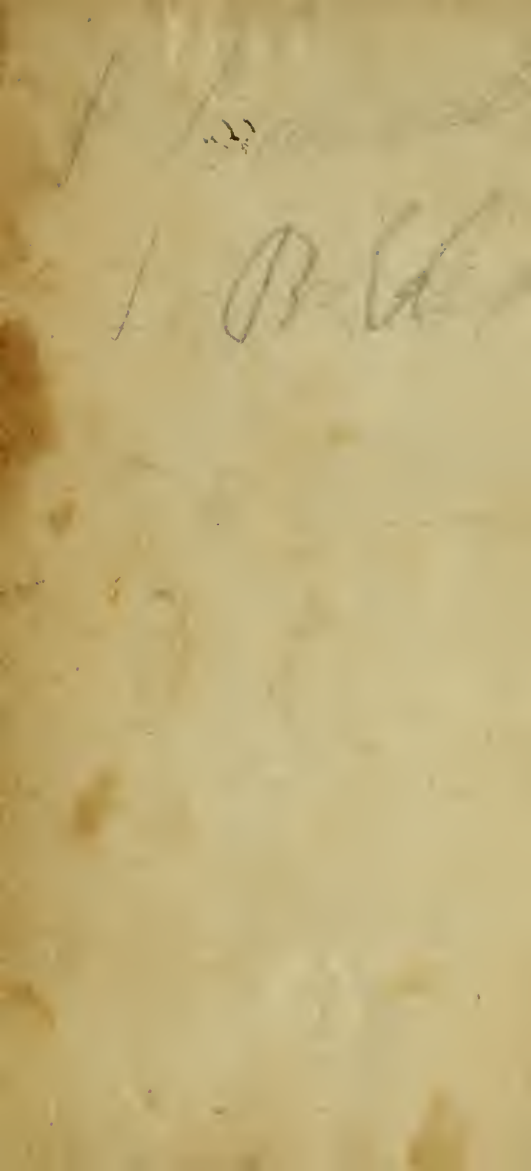


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A  
SELECTION  
OF  
SACRED HYMNS & POETRY,  
FOR  
Families and Schools,  
Systematically Arranged  
IN A  
SUCCESSION OF  
SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS.

SECOND EDITION,  
GREATLY ALTERED, WITH AN APPENDIX.

Colossians iii. 16. *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*

No pomp of verse can win *thine* ear,  
Genius itself is powerless here,—  
The only praise by *thee* desir'd,  
Must be by *thee* alone inspir'd.      Barton.

LONDON:

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## PREFACE.

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The design of this Selection of Sacred Hymns and Poetry, on its first appearance, was simply to benefit a private School; and its usefulness as a means of improvement to the members of *that* School, having been *fully* experienced, no more extended circulation would have been thought of, had not the copies, *reserved for its supply*, been parted with, to accommodate others; while a very considerable demand for more, intimated that a second edition would neither be presumptuous, nor intrusive. The plan of the book, in its systematic arrangement, is the same as before, with a much greater variety of subjects. To provide for the different purposes of a public sale, and a private circulation in Schools, the present edition consists of two parts: The first part of the book being the same throughout the whole impression, with two different appendixes;—that for public sale, containing miscellaneous pieces on interesting subjects; while the hymns more especially for young people and Schools, are *all* reserved for the appendix to the copies designed for them; which, by itself, will make a useful little manual for the junior classes in Schools. This, being a book of *instruction*, or, for *private* reading, many pieces have been admitted which would be unsuitable for congregational collections, used exclusively for the purpose of worship. The names of the Authors extracted from, are given as far as they are known and acknowledged. The pieces by Bernard Barton are generally taken from his *Devotional Verses*, lately published; a work so replete with sound scriptural sentiment, and breathing such a sweet and holy spirit, as to render it a desirable acquisition in the closet of every Christian. Throughout the whole work, the design has been ‘to add to faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge.’ If, in turning over these pages, devotional feelings are kindled—piety enlivened—moments of affliction soothed—or the young enquirer helped to see the beautiful harmony between Christian doctrine and duty, faith and practice, the hope of the Compiler will be delightfully realized. It is a hope built only on the *blessing of God*—a blessing which *can* honor with success the feeblest attempt to serve Him—and, without which, the most labored efforts of human genius, even in a good cause, will prove futile and abortive.

May, 1825.

How beautiful is genius when combined  
With holiness! Oh how divinely sweet  
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd  
By the soft hand of Piety, and hung  
Upon Religion's Shrine; there vibrating  
With solemn music in the ear of God.  
And must the Bard from sacred themes refrain?—  
Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal days,  
That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,  
Or, on some moonlight hill, the shepherd pour'd  
Unto his heavenly Father! Strains survive  
Erst chaunted to the lyre of Israel,  
More touching far than Poet ever breathed  
Amid the Grecian Isles; or later times  
Have heard in Albion,—land of every lay.  
Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know  
The trance of Adoration, and behold,  
Upon your bended knees, the throne of Heaven,  
And him who sits thereon? Believe it not  
That poetry, in purer days the nurse,  
Yea! Parent oft of blissful piety,  
Should silence keep from service of her God!

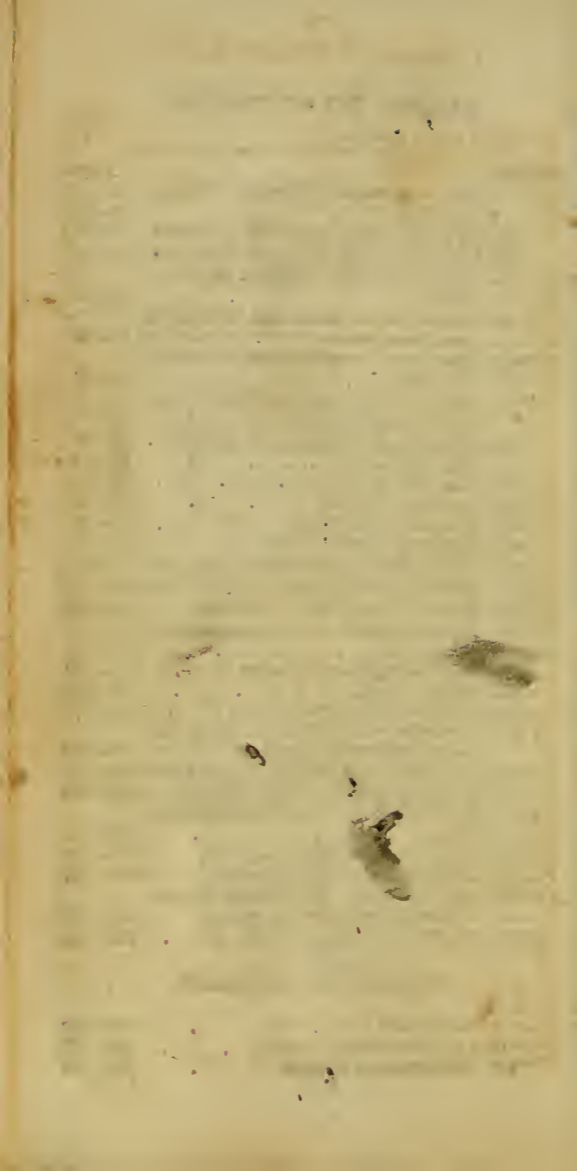
WILSON.

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N. B. *The copies with an Appendix for Schools and Children, to be had at a greatly reduced price, when taken in quantities; also the same Appendix to stitch in stiff covers separately, at a low price.*

# SACRED HYMNS AND POETRY.

---

## L THE IMPORTANCE OF HEAVENLY WISDOM.



### 1.

*Proverbs viii. 1, 4, 10.—Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice? Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of man. Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold.*

FROM heaven to earth God speaks by Wisdom's voice,

‘To you, O sons of fallen man, I call!  
Hear ye my friendly voice, and learn of me  
The way you’ve so long lost; the way that leads  
From death to which ye hasten, to the realms  
Of life and love from which so fast ye fly.  
Instruction, of more worth than shining gems,  
Or massy wedges of the purest gold,  
I to the simple freely will impart.  
The heavenly truth I teach, enriches more  
The soul that feels its powerful influence,  
Than all the gems which India’s mines produce  
The diadems of kings. Honour, with me, a  
And riches durable, and sweet delights,  
Unfading, incorruptible, and pure,  
Existed, long before the morning stars  
Together sang, and all the sons of God  
Shouted for joy, to see this new made world,  
From chaos, into beauteous order spring,  
At my life-giving word. To him that thirsts, b  
Water of life I give, such as in heaven  
Cherubic legions drink, and feel their hearts

a Prov. viii. 18, 19.

b Isa. lv. 1. Rev. xxii. 17.

Bound with delight; to him that hungers, bread c  
 That angels feed upon, deriving thence  
 Immortal vigour, and immortal bloom.  
 Come, dwell with me; for I have built a house  
 On pillars hewn, by strength omnipotent,  
 From the firm Rock of ages; strong to save  
 Its tenants from the threat'ning storms above,  
 And rolling floods that deluge all beneath.  
 Protection durable, and rich supply,  
 That knows no fear of want, my house affords,  
 To him that wisely an asylum seeks  
 From Tophet's burning pit: But he that scorns d  
 Life as my gift, a willing prey to death,  
 Shall fall unpitied, and unpardon'd die!

SWAINE.

---

 II. THE BIBLE.
 

---

## 2.

Its excellence.—Job xxiii. 12. *I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food.* Psalm cxix. 72. *The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.* Ephesians vi. 17. *Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.*

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure

Does the word of God afford!

All I want for life or pleasure,

Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword;

Let the world account me poor,

Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,

Here my hungry soul enjoys;

Of excess there is no danger,

Though it fills, it never cloy:

On a dying Christ I feed,

He is meat and drink indeed!

c Matth. v. 6.

d Prov. i. 24—33. viii. 36.

- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
 Cordials to revive me quickly,  
 Healing Med'cines here I find:  
 To the promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation  
 Satan cannot make me yield;  
 For the word of consolation  
 Is to me a mighty Shield:  
 While the Scripture-truths are sure,  
 From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,  
 When I take the Spirit's sword;  
 Then with ease I drive him from me,  
 Satan trembles at the word:  
 'Tis a Sword for conquest made,  
 Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,  
 Doting on his golden store?  
 Sure I am, or should be wiser,  
 I am rich, 'tis he is poor:  
 Jesus gives me in his word,  
 Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword.

NEWTON.

## 3.

The Bible a guide.—Isaiah xxx. 21. *And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.*

- 1 WHAT is the world? a wild'ring maze,  
 Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways  
 Her victims to ensnare;  
 All broad and winding, and aslope,  
 All tempting with perfidious hope,  
 All ending in despair.

- 2 Millions of Pilgrims throng those roads,  
 Bearing their baubles, or their loads,  
 Down to eternal night :  
 One humble path that never bends,  
 Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends  
 From darkness into light.
- 3 Is there no Guide to shew that path ?  
 The BIBLE—he alone who hath  
 'The BIBLE, need not stray.  
 But he who hath, and will not give  
 That Light of life, to all who live,  
 Himself shall lose the way.

MONTGOMERY.

## 4.

*The Bible opened by God's Spirit.—Psalm cxix. 18. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. Luke xxiv. 45. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures.*

- 1 BRIGHT source of intellectual rays !  
 Father of Spirits ! God of Grace !  
 O, dart with energy unknown,  
 Celestial beamings from thy throne.
- 2 Thy sacred book we would survey,  
 Enlightened with that heavenly day ;  
 And ask thy Spirit with the word,  
 To teach our souls to know the Lord.
- 3 So shall our children learn the road  
 That leads them to their father's God ;  
 And form'd by lessons so divine,  
 Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit  
 With children plac'd at Jesus' feet ;  
 The rising swell of pride shall cease,  
 And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

DODDRIDGE.

## III. OF GOD. HIS NATURE AND ATTRIBUTES.

Trinity of Persons in the One God.—1 John v. 7. *For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost : and these three are one.*

- 1 GIVE glory unto God on high,  
To him who arch'd the vaulted sky;  
Who mighty Earth's circumference spann'd,  
And weigh'd its waters in his hand;  
Who form'd the countless orbs that gem  
Dark night's resplendent diadem;  
Gave life unto each living thing;  
Created man their earthly king;  
Then gave his Son for man to die;  
Give glory unto God on high.
- 2 Give glory to the Son who came  
Cloth'd in our fleshly mortal frame;  
Who bare our sins vouchsaf'd to give  
Himself to die that we might live;  
Was holy, harmless, undefil'd,  
Patient when spurn'd, dumb when revil'd;  
Who in the agonies of death  
Pour'd for his foes his parting breath;  
Was perfect God and man in one;  
Give glory to th' incarnate Son!
- 3 Give glory to the Holy Ghost!  
Who on the day of Pentecost  
From heaven to earth in mercy came,  
Descending as in tongues of flame;  
The promis'd comforter and guide,  
Through whom the soul is sanctified;  
Who still is manifest within,  
To prompt to good, convict of sin;—

Ye saints on earth, ye heavenly host,  
Give glory to the Holy Ghost!

4 Join all on earth, in heaven above,  
In honour, blessing, glory, love!  
Sing praises to the great I AM;  
Sing praises to the spotless Lamb;  
Sing praises to that power divine,  
Who sanctifies the inner shrine;  
That so the Father's glorious name  
All creatures hallow'd may proclaim;  
And through the Spirit shed abroad,  
Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord!

5 Though Reason gives not finite man  
Divine Infinitude to scan,  
Yet man may his Creator own;  
May bow before a Saviour's throne;  
The Comforter with awe receive;  
Their true Divinity believe;  
And while he chants a Father's love,  
Who sends the Spirit from above,  
To win dominion for the Son,  
With joy confess that God IS ONE!

BERNARD BARTON.

## 6.

Majesty and Sovereignty of God.—Exod. iii. 14, 15. *And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: And he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you. The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you: this is my name for ever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.*

1 THE God of Abrah'm praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd above;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of Love:

Jehovah, great I AM !

By earth and heav'n confess'd ;  
I bow, and bless thy sacred name,  
For ever bless'd !

X

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I'd rise,—and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I'd all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And Him my only portion make,  
My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days  
In all his ways :  
He calls a worm his friend !  
He calls himself my God !  
And He shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

4 This God who reigns on high,  
The great archangels sing,  
And " Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
" Almighty King !  
Who was, and is the same,  
And evermore shall be ;  
Jehovah—Father—Great I AM !  
We worship Thee."

5 Before the Three in One,  
They all exulting stand ;  
And tell the wonders He hath done,  
Through all their land.

The listening spheres attend,  
And swell the growing fame,  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
The wondrous Name.

6 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
They ever cry:  
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,  
I join the heavenly lays;  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise.

OLIVERS.

7.

God is Infinite.—Psalm cxlv. 3. *Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.*

God reigns throughout, the all-pervading soul,  
That binds all parts in one stupendous whole;  
And through the vast Infinitude of space,  
No limit finds to boundless pow'r and grace.  
Varied through all, and yet in all the same,  
Great in the earth, as in the etherial frame;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.  
Lives through all life, extends through all  
extent;  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,  
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:  
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

POPE.

## 8.

God is Eternal.—Psalm xc. 1, 2. *Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.*

- 1 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame;  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight,  
Are like an ev'ning gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all our race away,  
They pass forgotten, as a dream  
Fades at the op'ning day.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in foll'wing years.
- 6 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come!  
Be thou our guide, while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

WATTS.

## 9.

God is Unchangeable.—James i. 17. *Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.* Malachi iii. 6. *For I am the Lord, I change not.*

- 1 THIS God, is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end :
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,  
We'll praise Him for all that is past  
And trust Him for all that's to come.

HARTE.

## 10.

God is Wise.—Isaiah xl. 28. *Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.*

- 1 SHALL mortal man, a child of earth,  
Who yesterday receiv'd his birth,  
From God's all-bounteous hand ;  
Shall he, whilst sojourning below,  
Presume th' Almighty's plans to know,  
His ways to understand?
- 2 His wisdom, infinite and vast,  
Shall, through eternal ages, last,  
Unchangeably the same ;  
While in the dreary shades of hell,  
His justice so inflexible,  
Proclaims his awful name.
- 3 Before the earth or worlds were made,  
His vast eternal plans were laid  
In wisdom and in love ;

And what th' Almighty *then* design'd  
*Is finish'd* in th' eternal mind :  
 His purpose cannot move.

- 4 Ah ! then, suppress each rising sigh,  
 Nor dare to ask th' Almighty why,  
 Or what his hands perform ;  
 Submit to his all-wise decrees,  
 Whose power can calm the raging seas,  
 Or raise them to a storm !

RAFFLES.

## 11.

God is Holy.—Exodus iii. 5. *And he said, Draw not nigh hither : put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.*

- 1 FEARFUL in holiness wert Thou,  
 O God ! on Horeb's height ; a  
 Well might thy servant Moses bow  
 And worship at the sight.
- 2 Well might he at such high behest  
 With feet unshod draw nigh ;  
 When thus thy presence was confest  
 In awful majesty.
- 3 And what thou wast on Horeb's brow,  
 Or Sinai's cloud-capt hill ; b  
 Thou yet remain'st : thy presence now  
 O God is holy still.
- 4 Thy gospel light hath shown us where c  
 Thy temple, Lord, should be ;  
 Grant us to *feel* thy presence there,  
 To feel, and worship thee.

a Exodus iii. 1—6.    b Exodus xix. 18—25. xx. 18—21.  
 c John iv. 21—24. See also Isaiah vi. 1—6.

- 5 To bow before thee in the *heart*  
 With awe and love profound;  
 Feeling that wheresoe'er *Thou art*,  
 We stand on holy ground.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 12.

God is Just and True.—Deuteronomy xxxii. 4. *For all his ways are judgment : a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and right is He.*

- 1 O RAISE your songs, and sound abroad  
 The honours of a faithful God :  
 How *just* and *true* are all his ways,  
 How far beyond our highest praise !
- 2 The truths that he has once declar'd,  
 Can never fail, or be impair'd :  
 His promises will still endure,  
 His awful threat'nings must be sure.
- 3 The sun and stars may fail to rise,  
 Or leave their stations in the skies,—  
 The heav'ns and earth may pass away,—  
 Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

## 13.

God is Faithful.—2 Thessalonians iii. 3. *But the Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil.*  
 2 Cor. i. 20. *For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.*

- 1 A debtor to mercy alone,  
 Of covenant mercy I sing;  
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,  
 My person and off'rings to bring !  
 The terrors of law, and of God,  
 With me can have nothing to do ;  
 My Saviour's obedience and blood  
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

- 2 The work which his goodness began,  
 The arm of his strength will complete ;  
 His promise is yea and amen,  
 And never was forfeited yet ;  
 Things future, nor things that are now,  
 Not all things below nor above,  
 Can make him his purpose forego,  
 Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands  
 Eternity will not erase ;  
 Imprest on his heart it remains,  
 In marks of indelible grace ;  
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;  
 More happy, but not more secure,  
 The glorified spirits in heav'n.

TOPLADY.

## 14.

God is Good and Gracious.—1 Samuel vii. 12. *Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.* Psalm lii. 1. *The Goodness of God endureth continually.*

- 1 COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.  
 Teach me ever to adore thee ;  
 May I still thy goodness prove ;  
 While the hope of endless glory  
 Fills my heart with joy and love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;

He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood.

- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love,—  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

15.

Mercy and Compassion of God.—Psalm lxxxvi. 15. *But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.*

- 1 OH sweet is morn's first breeze that strays  
on the mountain,  
And sighs o'er its bosom, and murmurs away ;  
And bright is the beam which upsprings  
from day's fountain,  
And breaks o'er the East in its golden array.
- 2 And lovely the riv'let incessantly flowing,  
Which winds gently murm'ring its course  
through the plain ;  
And welcome the beacon which, faithfully  
glowing,  
Cheers the heart of the mariner tost on the  
main.
- 3 But sweeter, my God, is thy voice of com-  
passion,  
Which soft as the summer's dew falls on the  
mind ;  
Which whispers the tidings of life and sal-  
vation,  
And casts the dark shadows of sorrow behind.

- 4 Oh yes ! I have known it, when kindly and  
cheering,  
It hush'd the hoarse thunders of justice to rest ;  
It was heard, and the angel of mercy appearing,  
Pour'd the balm of relief o'er the penitent's  
breast.
- 5 And still may I hear it, while crossing life's  
ocean,  
Or borne on the billow, or breath'd in the  
gale ;  
Enkindling the flame of expiring devotion,  
And utt'ring the promise that never shall fail.
- 6 'Tis the still voice of Him who expir'd on  
the mountain,  
And breath'd out for sinners his last dying  
groan ;  
His voice who on Calvary open'd the fountain,  
Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.
- 7 That voice, Oh believer ! shall cheer and  
protect thee,  
When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom  
invades ;  
At its sound shall the Day-Star arise to  
direct thee,  
And gild with refulgence the valley of shades.

## 16.

Loving-kindness of God.—Psalm lxxiii. 3. *Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing the great Jehovah's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me ;  
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate ;  
His loving-kindness, O how great !

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along;  
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood;  
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs shall fail;  
 O may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 6 Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day;  
 And sing with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

## 17.

*Love of God.—John iii. 16. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*

OH! never, never canst thou know  
 What then for thee the Saviour bore,  
 The pangs of that mysterious woe  
 That wrung his frame at ev'ry pore,  
 The weight that press'd upon his brow,  
 The fever of his bosom's core!  
 Yes! man for man perchance may brave  
 The horrors of the yawning grave;  
 And friend for friend, or child for sire,  
 Undaunted and unmov'd expire,  
 From love—or piety—or pride.  
 But who can die as Jesus died?

A sweet, but solitary beam,  
 An emanation from above,  
 Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream,—  
 We hail that beam, and call it Love!

But fainter than the pale star's ray  
 Before the noontide blaze of day,  
 And lighter than the viewless sand  
 Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,  
 Is all of love that man can know,—  
 All that in angel-breasts can glow,—  
 Compar'd, O! Lord of Hosts! with thine,  
 Eternal—fathomless—divine!  
 That love, whose praise, with quenchless fire,  
 Inflames the blest seraphic choir:  
 Where perfect rapture reigns above,  
 And love is all—for THOU art LOVE!

DALE'S OUTLAW OF TAURUS.

# 18.

God is Omnipresent.—Jeremiah xxiii. 23. *Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.*

- 1 God made the world,—in ev'ry land  
 His love and pow'r abound:  
 All are protected by his hand,  
 As well as British ground.
- 2 The Indian hut, and English cot,  
 Alike his care must own,  
 Though savage nations know him not,  
 But worship wood and stone.
- 3 He sees and governs distant lands,  
 And constant bounty pours,  
 From wild Arabia's burning sands,  
 To Lapland's frozen shores.
- 4 In forest shades, and silent plains,  
 Where feet have never trod,  
 There in majestic pow'r he reigns,  
 An ever-present God.
- 5 All the inhabitants of earth  
 Who dwell beneath the sun,  
 Of diff'rent nations, name, and birth,  
 He knows them ev'ry one.

- 6 Alike the rich and poor are known,  
The cultur'd and the wild;  
The lofty monarch on his throne,  
And ev'ry little child.
- 7 While he regards the wise and fair,  
The noble and the brave,  
He listens to the beggar's pray'r,  
And the poor Negro slave.
- 8 He knows the worthy from the vile,  
And sends his mercies down:  
None are too mean to share his smile,  
Or to provoke his frown.
- 9 Great God ! and since thy piercing eye  
My inmost heart can see,  
Teach me from ev'ry sin to fly,  
And turn that heart to thee.

JANE TAYLOR.

## 19.

God an all pervading Spirit.—Psalm cxxxix. 7—10.  
*Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I  
flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou  
art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art  
there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in  
the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand  
lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.*

- 1 THERE is a Spirit in the wilderness,  
Though all the winds be sleeping, and the  
brooks  
Elapsing down their shores  
As quietly as dreams—  
Though all the breathing creatures of the  
earth  
Have stilled their voices, and the only sound  
That strikes thy listening ear  
Be from thy beating heart.
- 2 Who sends the sun of morn, the dew of eve,  
And all those heavenly visitants that bring

Glad tidings to the scenes

Which man hath never trod?

Who bids the moss with living greenness  
clothe

The naked rocks, that happiness may flow

Down to the grasshopper,

And creatures more minute?

3 Who—hadst thou wing of angel to approach  
The limits of creation, to pursue

Thy journey through the vale

Of darkness and of death,

To visit heavens beyond the flight of thought

Who, with an universal presence, still

Would never once be found

A moment from thy side?

4 Go ask thy heart these questions—when the  
moon

Shines on the breathless midnight, and the  
eyes

Of human things are closed

In temporary death—

Go ask thy heart—What Spirit thus abides

In every region? thus minutely works

In deserts? And thy heart

Shall answer—"It is God!"

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

## 20.

God's presence delighted in.—Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18.  
*How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I wake, I am still with thee.*

1 Oh thou by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide;  
My Lord, how full of sweet content  
I pass my years of banishment!

- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impress'd with sacred love !  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee :  
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in ev'ry clime :  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

MADAME DE GUION.

## 21.

God is Omniscient.—Hebrews iv. 13. *Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight : but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night ;  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ  
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and publish'd there ?  
Be all expos'd before the sun,  
While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie,  
Upward I dare not look ;

Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.

- 5 Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt,  
And let his blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt.
- 6 O may I now for ever fear  
T' indulge a sinful thought,  
Since the great God can see and hear,  
And writes down ev'ry fault.

## 22.

God is Omnipotent.—Daniel iv. 35. *And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What dost thou?*

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,  
The winds obey his will;  
He speaks, and in his heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threat'ning aspect roar,  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand  
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
In distant peals it dies;  
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations bend, in rev'rence bend,  
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate the God!

## PART II.

- 1 THE Lord our God is Lord of all,  
His station who can find?  
I hear him in the waterfall!  
I hear him in the wind!
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,  
His face I cannot fly,  
I see him in the evening cloud,  
And in the morning sky.
- 3 He lives, he reigns, in every land  
From winter's polar snows,  
To where across the burning sand  
The blasting meteor glows.
- 4 He smiles, we live—he frowns, we die—  
We hang upon his word:  
He rears his red right arm on high,  
And ruin bares his sword.
- 5 He bids his blasts the fields deform—  
Then, when his thunders cease,  
Sits like the ruler of the storm,  
And smiles the winds to peace!

H. K. WHITE.

## IV. GOD'S PERFECTIONS DISPLAYED IN CREATION.

## 23.

Creation planned in the Divine Mind.—Psalm civ. 31. *The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.*

Ere the rising sun  
Shone o'er the deep, or mid the vault of night  
The moon her silver lamp suspended: ere  
The vales with springs were watered, or with  
groves  
Of oak or pine, the ancient hills were crowned;

Then the great spirit, whom his works adore,  
 Within his own deep essence viewed the forms,  
 The forms eternal, of created things ;  
 The radiant Sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,  
 The mountains and the streams, the ample stores  
 Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the first,  
 On that full scene his love divine he fixed,  
 His admiration. Till, in time complete,  
 What he admired and loved, his vital pow'r  
 Unfolded into being. Hence the breath  
 Of life informing each organic frame,  
 Hence the green earth, and wild resounding  
     woods,  
 Hence light and shade alternate : heat and cold,  
 And bright autumnal skies, and vernal show'rs  
 And all the fair variety of things.

AKENSIDE.

## 24.

God's glory in the Celestial Bodies.—Psalm xix. 1. *The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.*

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim :  
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes, to every land,  
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
 And, nightly to the listening earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth :  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.



## 26.

Excellence of man's original condition.—Genesis i. 26.  
*And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness ; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.*

- 1 WHEN 'mid the gloom of night I stray,  
 And heav'n's resplendent arch survey,  
 And mark with rapture and surprise,  
 The varied glories of the skies ;—  
 Ah ! what is man ? Thou great Supreme !  
 That thou dost stoop to visit him ?
- 2 Glory around his path is shed,  
 Immortal honour crowns his head ;  
 His Maker's image form'd to bear,  
 An object of his special care :  
 With might and majesty array'd,  
 Scarce lower than the angels made !
- 3 Dominion vast to him is giv'n,—  
 The fowl that sweeps the vault of heav'n,  
 The fish that o'er the billows leap,  
 Or skim the surface of the deep ;  
 The beasts that through the meadows rove ;  
 And songsters warbling in the grove :
- 4 Whilst these, the creatures of thy hand,  
 Bow and submit to man's command,  
 They, through the earth's wide realms record  
 Thy pow'r and skill, Almighty Lord !  
 All here that breathe thy love proclaim,  
 And infants learn to lisp thy name !

BAFFLES.

## 27.

Praise to God from his works.—Psalm cxlv. 10. *All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord ; and thy saints shall bless thee.*

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay !  
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty's name.

Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
Ye scenes divinely fair!  
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim!  
'Tell how he form'd your shining frame,  
And breath'd the fluid air.

3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!  
While all th' adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing:  
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.

4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;  
Thou, 'dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
The mighty chorus aid:  
Soon as grey evening gilds the plain,  
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,  
And praise him in the shade.

5 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,  
Who call'd yon worlds from night:  
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said;  
At once th' involving darkness fled,  
And nature sprung to light.

6 Whate'er a blooming world contains,  
That wings the air, that skims the plains,  
United praise bestow;  
Ye dragons, sound his awful name  
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,  
Ye swelling deeps below.

7 Let ev'ry element rejoice,  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To him who bids you roll;

His praise in softer notes declare,  
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
 And breathe it to the soul.

8 To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;  
 Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,  
 Your great Creator own;  
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,  
 How Sinai kindled at his look, *a*  
 And trembled at his frown.

9 Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,  
 Ye insects, flutt'ring on the gale,  
 In mutual concourse rise:  
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,  
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,  
 In incense to the skies.

10 Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;  
 Ye blooming warblers of the spring,  
 Harmonious anthems raise  
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,  
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold  
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

11 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
 The feeling heart, the judging head,  
 In heav'nly praise employ;  
 Spread the Creator's name around,  
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the  
 The gen'ral burst of joy. [sound,

12 Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please,  
 Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,  
 Fall prostrate at his throne:  
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore;  
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your  
 An image of his own. [pow'r

13 Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,  
 O praise th' eternal Source of Love  
 With youth's enliv'ning fire:  
*a Exodus xix. 18.*

Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
Sing his blest name—then soar away,  
And ask an angel's lyre.

OGILVIE.

V. GOD'S PERFECTIONS DISPLAYED IN HIS WORK  
OF PROVIDENCE.

28.

God is our guide and guardian.—Genesis xxviii. 20, 21.  
*And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God.*

- 1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who, through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led:
- 2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,  
Our humble pray'rs implore;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

DODDRIDGE ALTERED BY LOGAN.

## 29.

God sustains us from our birth.—Psalm lxxi. 6. *By thee have I been holden up from the womb : thou art he that took me out of my mother's bowels : my praise shall be continually of thee.*

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd blessings on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those blessings flow'd.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a grateful heart,  
That tastes these gifts with joy.
- 6 Through ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorions theme renew.
- 7 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 8 Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;

But oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

## 30.

God maintains the order of nature.—Genesis i. 11. *And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth : and it was so.*

There lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.  
The beauties of the wilderness are his,  
That make so gay the solitary place  
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms  
That cultivation glories in, are his.  
He sets the bright procession on its way,  
And marshals all the order of the year ;  
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,  
And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,  
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,  
Uninjur'd, with inimitable art ;  
And ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,  
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.  
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,  
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.  
Nature is but a name for an effect,  
Whose cause is God. One Spirit—His  
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding  
brows—

Rules universal nature. Not a flow'r  
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,  
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,  
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.  
Happy who walks with him! Whom whate'er  
he finds  
Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flow'r,

Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
In nature, from the broad majestic oak  
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God!

COWPER.

## 31.

God overrules affliction.—Psalm cxii. 4, 7. *Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. He shall not be afraid of evil tidings : his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.*

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his vast designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

## 32.

God provides for all times.—Genesis xxii. 14. *And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh.*

- 1 Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright;  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,<sup>a</sup>  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."
- 3 We may, like the ships, with tempests be toss'd  
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost:  
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
The Scripture engages, "The Lord will provide."
- 4 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim:  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name:<sup>b</sup>  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."
- 5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,<sup>c</sup>  
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';  
No doubting or fearing with Christ on our side,  
The promise is cheering, "The Lord will provide."

NEWTON.

<sup>a</sup> Luke xii. 24. <sup>b</sup> Prov. xviii. 10. <sup>c</sup> Psalm lxxiii. 26.

## VI. DUTIES TO GOD AS THE GOD OF CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.



## 33.

We must know God.—Job xxii. 21. *Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace : thereby good shall come unto thee.*

ACQUAINT thyself with God, if thou would'st  
taste

His works. Admitted once to his embrace  
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before :  
Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart,  
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight  
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.  
The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd  
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ  
More worthily the powers she own'd before,  
Discerns in all things, what, with stupid gaze  
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd—  
A ray of heav'nly light gilding all forms  
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,  
The unambiguous footsteps of the God  
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.  
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,  
Their only point of rest, eternal Word !  
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove  
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.  
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
His high endeavour, and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
But, oh, thou bounteous giver of all good,  
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !  
Give what thou canst, *without thee* we are poor ;  
And *with thee* rich, take what thou wilt away.

COWPER.

## 34.

We must love God.—Matthew xxii. 37, 38. *Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.*

- 1 OH lov'd ! but not enough—though dearer  
far  
Than self, and it's most lov'd enjoyments are ;  
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free  
From sensual objects, finds his *all in thee*.
- 2 Glorious, Almighty, First, and Without End !  
When wilt thou melt the mountains and descend !  
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering  
rays,  
And teach these atoms, thou hast made, thy  
praise ?
- 3 My reason, all my faculties unite  
To make thy Glory their supreme delight ;  
Forbid it, Fountain of my brightest days,  
That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise !
- 4 My soul ! rest happy in thy low estate,  
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd or great ;  
To take th' impression of a will divine,  
Be *that* thy glory, and *those riches thine*.
- 5 Confess Him righteous in his just decrees,  
Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please ;  
Die daily ; from the touch of sin recede ;  
Then thou hast crown'd him, and he reigns  
indeed.

MADAME DE GUION.

## 35.

We must trust in God.—Psalm lxxi. 5. *For thou art my hope, O Lord God : thou art my trust from my youth.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,  
On Thee my hopes remain ;

- And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my guide,  
And of my youth the friend ;  
And as my days began with Thee,  
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in whom I trust,  
The arm on which I lean ;  
He will my Saviour ever be,  
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age  
And evil days descend ;  
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,  
To mourn my latter end.
- 5 Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,  
In death I will adore ;  
And after death will sing thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

LOGAN.

## 36.

We must trust God in trial.—Psalm xxvii. 14. *Wait on the Lord : be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord.*

- 1 God is my strong salvation,  
What foe have I to fear ?  
In darkness and temptation,  
My light my help is near.
- 2 Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm to the fight I stand ;  
What terror can confound me,  
With God at my right hand ?
- 3 Place on the Lord reliance,  
My soul, with courage wait ;  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate.
- 4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase ;

Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;  
The Lord will give thee peace.

MONTGOMERY.

### 37.

We must fear God.—Hebrews xii. 28, 29. *Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear : For our God is a consuming fire.* Isaiah viii. 13. *Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself ; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread.*

- 1 HUMBLED with fear and awful veneration,  
Before the footstool of God's majesty  
Throw thyself down, with trembling expectation,  
Nor dare look up, with corruptible eye,  
On the dread face of that great Deity ;  
For fear, lest as he deigns to look at thee,  
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be !
- 2 His Sceptre is the rod of Righteousness,  
With which he bruiseeth all his foes to dust,  
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,  
Under the rigor of his judgment just :  
His seal is Truth, to which the Faithful trust,  
From whence proceed her beams so pure  
and bright,  
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.
- 3 And that immortal light which there doth shine,  
Is of all other lights most bright, most clear,  
Most excellent, most glorious, most divine,  
Through which to God all mortal actions here,  
And even the thoughts of men do plain appear ;  
For from the eternal Truth it doth proceed,  
Through heavenly virtue which her beams  
do breed.

- 4 With the great glory of that wond'rous light,  
His throne is all encompassed around,  
And hid, in his own brightness, from the sight  
Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound ;  
And underneath his feet are to be found  
    Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous  
    fire,  
    The instruments of his avenging ire.
- 5 Then look, my soul, up to that sovereign light,  
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty  
    springs,  
That kindest love and holiest delight,  
E'en the true love of God, which loathing  
    brings  
Of this vile world and these gay seeming things :  
    With those sweet pleasures being so  
    possest,  
    Thy straying thoughts henceforth for  
    ever rest.

SPENSER.

## 38.

We must serve God in daily duty.—Romans xii. 11. *Not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord.*  
Psalm xvi. 8. *I have set the Lord always before me : because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue ;  
Thee, only thee resolv'd to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd,  
O let me cheerfully fulfil !  
In all thy works thy presence find,  
And prove thine acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;

And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear the easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray ;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day :

5 For thee delightfully employ,  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

### 37.

*We must worship God.—Psalm xev. 6. O come, let us worship and bow down ; let us kneel before the Lord our maker. Matthew iv. 10. Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and can destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd His gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill His courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is His command !  
Vast as eternity His love !  
Firm as a rock His truth shall stand,  
When rolling years have ceas'd to move !

WATTS.

## 40.

We must praise God.—Psalm cl. 6. *Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.*

1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name !

His mercies record, his bounties proclaim :  
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise  
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of  
praise !

2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on  
his throne ;

Yet here by his works, their author is known :  
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,  
And heav'n views its image reflected below.

3 Those agents of pow'r, fire, water, earth, sky,  
Attest the dread might of God the most  
High :

He rides on the whirlwind, clouds veiling his  
form ;

He smiles in the sun-beam, he frowns in the  
storm.

4 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,  
He governs the earth with gracious design :  
O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence  
reigns,

His will first created, his love still sustains.

5 And man, his last work, with reason endu'd,  
Who, falling through sin, by grace is re-  
new'd :—

To God his Creator, let man ever raise,  
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of  
praise !

## VII. FALL OF MAN DISPLAYED IN HIS SINFULNESS.



## 41.

Adam's fall caused universal degeneracy.—Ecclesiastes vii. 29. *God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions.* Romans v. 12. *For by one man sin entered into the world.* Job xiv. 4. *Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one.*

- 1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,  
Adam our father stood;  
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,  
And ate forbidden food.
- 2 Now we are born a sinful race,  
To sensual joys inclin'd;  
Reason has lost her native place,  
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 Wild and unwholesome as the root  
Will all the branches be:  
How can we hope for living fruit,  
From such a deadly tree?
- 4 What mortal pow'r from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring?
- 5 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame;  
Our injur'd pow'rs restore;  
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,  
That sin may reign no more.
- 6 Eternal Spirit! write thy law  
Upon our inward parts,  
And let the second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.

## 42.

Sin in the world lamented.—Psalm cxix. 136. 158. *Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law. I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved; because they kept not thy word.*

- 1 **ARISE**, my tend'rest thoughts, arise,  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;  
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;  
The Father wounded thro' the Son;  
The world abus'd; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night;  
In flames, that no abatement know,  
Tho' bitter tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;  
And fain my pity would reclaim  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep, where most it loves;  
Thy own almighty arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

## 43.

Sin in the believer lamented.—Romans vii. 24, 25. *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

- 1 **WITH** tears of anguish I lament,  
Here at thy feet, my God,  
My passion, pride, and discontent,  
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,  
So false as mine has been:

- So faithless to its promises,  
So prone to ev'ry sin !
- 3 My reason tells me, thy commands  
Are holy, just, and true ;  
Tells me, whate'er my God demands  
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,  
And all her words approve ;  
But still I find it hard t' obey,  
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel  
These strugglings in my breast ?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest ?
- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,  
And set the captive free :  
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

STENNETT.

VIII. THE FALL OF MAN DISPLAYED IN THE  
VANITY AND EVILS OF LIFE.



## 44.

Life short and full of trouble.—Job xiv. 1. *Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.*

- 1 Few are thy days, and full of woe,  
O man, of woman born !  
Thy doom is written, " Dust thou art,  
And shalt to dust return."
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state  
In flow'rs that bloom and die ;  
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,  
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand  
Before thy sov'reign Lord ?

- Can troubled and polluted springs  
A hallow'd stream afford?
- 4 Determin'd are the days that fly  
Successive o'er thy head ;  
The number'd hour is on the wing  
That lays thee with the dead.
- 5 Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath  
The short allotted span,  
That bounds the few and weary days  
Of pilgrimage to man.
- 6 All nature dies, and lives again :  
The flow'r that paints the field,  
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,  
And boughs and blossoms yield,
- 7 Resign the honours of their form  
At Winter's stormy blast,  
And leave the naked leafless plain  
A desolated waste.
- 8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs  
Anew shall deck the plain ;  
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,  
And flourish green again.
- 9 But man forsakes this earthly scene,  
Ah ! never to return :  
Shall any foll'wing spring revive  
The ashes of the urn ?
- 10 The mighty flood that rolls along  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again.
- 11 So days, and years, and ages past,  
Descending down to night,  
Can henceforth never more return  
Back to the gates of light ;
- 12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,  
Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,

- Until th' eternal morning wake  
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 13 O may the grave become to me  
The bed of peaceful rest,  
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,  
And mingle with the blest !
- 14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,  
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,  
Till th' appointed period come,  
When death shall set me free.

LOGAN.

## 45.

All earthly enjoyments vain.—Eccles. i. 14. *I have seen all the works that are done under the sun ; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.*

- 1 'Tis vain, with eager heart, to grasp  
At earthly joy, or earthly treasure ;  
For fate shall still thy hand unclasp,  
And dash away thy cup of pleasure.
- 2 Honour is vain—the voice of fame  
Is changeful as the changeful breezes ;  
Now fans thy glowing heart to flame,  
And now thy stream of comfort freezes.
- 3 And wealth is vain—the evening gale  
Oft strips the bough that bloomed at  
As quickly may thy riches fail, [morning ;  
And plausive lips be turned to scorning.
- 4 Friendship is vain—the human heart,  
Like wave and wind, no power can bind  
To-day may swear—“ We never part !” [it ;  
To-morrow—and where shalt thou find it ?
- 5 And love is vain—for they, so fair,  
So full of joy, so free from sorrow,  
So fond, so sweet—thy bliss, thy care—  
May leave thee for the grave to-morrow.
- 6 Yet while, through each deceitful thing,  
Time bears thee like a rapid river,

Oh ! to the Rock of Ages cling—  
It stands for ever and for ever.

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

# 46.

Sickness and Trouble.—Job v. 6, 7. *Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground ; Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.*

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,  
Who can prevent or cure ?  
We stand upon the brink of death,  
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,  
It soon may be withdrawn ;  
Some change may plunge us in distress,  
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,  
And find an easy prey ;  
And oft, when least expected, wealth  
Takes wings, and flies away.
- 4 A fever, or a blow can shake  
Our wisdom's boasted rule,  
And of the brightest genius make  
A madman or a fool.
- 5 The gourds from which we look for fruit,  
Produce us only pain :  
A worm unseen attacks the root,  
And all our hopes are vain.
- 6 How foolish those who seek no more  
Than such a world can give !  
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,  
And dying while they live.
- 7 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,  
And creatures fade and die,  
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,  
And fix our hopes on high.

NEWTON.

## 47.

Youth and Beauty wither.—Psalm xc. 5, 6. *Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep : in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.*

- 1 THE sons of men return to clay,  
     When God the word has spoken,  
     As with a torrent borne away,  
     Gone like a dream when broken.  
     A thousand years are in thy sight,  
     But as a watch amid the night,  
     Or yesterday departed.
- 2 At morn we flourish like the grass,  
     With dew and sunbeams lighted,  
     But ere the cool of evening pass,  
     The rich array is blighted :  
     Thus do thy chastisements consume  
     Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom—  
     We fade at thy displeasure.
- 3 Our life is like the transient breath  
     That tells a mournful story,  
     Early or late stopt short by death,  
     And where is all our glory ?  
     Our days are threescore years and ten,  
     And if the span be lengthened, then  
     Their strength is toil and sorrow.
- 4 Lord, teach us so to mark our days,  
     That we may prize them duly ;  
     So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,  
     That we may love thee truly :  
     Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,  
     And with thy goodness as of old,  
     O satisfy us early.

MONTGOMERY.

## 48.

*Inclement Seasons.\*—Job xxxvii. 5. God thundereth marvellously with his voice : great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend. Psalm cxlvii. 16, 17. He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who can stand before his cold ?*

1 How dreadful art THOU, when the storm  
                   clouds of thunder                   [ire,  
   Enwrap thee, a mantle of darkness and  
 When the blow of thine arm cleaves the  
                   mountains asunder,  
   And the forests are burnt by thine angels  
                   of fire !

2 But oh how more keen, and more bitter thine  
                   anger,  
   When the ice wind of Winter howls over  
                   the plain,  
 Than the flame darting storm, in its fury  
                   and clangor,  
   Than the poisonous blast with its thou-  
                   sands of slain.

3 Chill Misery, naked, and homeless, and  
                   shivering,  
   The pang of the Spirit, and dreary despair ;

\* The variations of the seasons are wisely and graciously adapted to the present state of the earth. But, cold or heat so intense as to cause disease and death, could not exist under the original constitution of things ; when, in the contemplation of His works, the Beneficent Creator pronounced them all *very good*. An affecting instance of the destructive effects of extreme cold is related in a late London paper. During the storm in January the bodies of a man, his wife and four children, were found in a hovel near Derby, whither they had retired for shelter. The three elder children were close to the father—one of them between his knees, to share his last vital heat. *All were dead* but an infant of a few months old, which still clung to the cold bosom of its mother. When the wind and the storm beat over our habitations, let our hearts praise Him who giveth us a place “ where to lay our heads.” “ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits !”

The skeleton form, the pale cold lip quivering,  
And the slow eating death of sharp torture  
are there.

4 ALMIGHTY AVENGER! when snow storms are  
beating,  
And clouds the ice drops from their  
bosoms unfold,  
When the bleak wind is high, and no home  
for retreating,  
Oh, who can withstand thy swift armies  
of cold!

EDMESTON.

## 49.

*Poverty.\*—Mark xiv. 7. For ye have the poor always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good. Deuteronomy xv. 11. For the poor shall never cease out of the land : therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land.*

Poor, though industrious, modest, quiet, neat,  
Such claim compassion in a wintry night,  
And have a friend in every feeling heart.  
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long  
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,  
Ill fed, and clad but sparely, time to cool.  
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights  
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,  
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.  
The few small embers left she nurses well;

\* Poverty is an evil of life as it now is, and heightens the calamities which are common to all, in a way not conceivable by those, who, themselves wanting nothing, keep aloof from its abodes. Yet it has a bright side—when, sustained by piety, it simply depends on, and gratefully acknowledges God's daily providences. These principles, with cleanliness and industry, would make half the scenes of misery disappear out of our land : while irreligion, intemperance and slothfulness, induce, or aggravate every prevailing evil.

And while her infant race, with outspread hands  
 And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,  
 Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.  
 The man feels least, as more inur'd than she  
 To winter, and the current in his veins  
 More briskly mov'd by his severer toil;  
 Yet, he too finds his own distress in theirs.  
 Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas!  
 Where penury is felt, the thought is chain'd  
 And conversational pleasures are but few.  
 Yet do I praise ye, meek and patient pair,  
 For ye are worthy; in that ye prefer  
 An independent crust though hardly earn'd,  
 And wear a cleanly garb however coarse,  
 Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth.  
 But poverty with many who pour forth  
 Their long complaints, is *self inflicted woe*,  
 Th' effect of *laziness* or *sottish waste*.

COWPER.

## 50.

*Disturbed Elements.—Psalm lxxvii. 17, 18. The clouds poured out water; the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.*

- 1 Now in deep and dreadful gloom,  
     Clouds on clouds, portentous spread;  
 Black as if the day of doom,  
     Hung o'er nature's shrinking head;  
 Lo! the lightning breaks from high,  
 God is coming! God is nigh!
- 2 Hear ye not his chariot wheels,  
     As the mighty thunder rolls?  
 Nature startles—nature reels,  
     From the centre to the poles;

Tremble!—ocean, earth, and sky,  
Tremble!—God is passing by!

3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms  
His mysterious hiding place;  
Should he from his ark of storms,  
Rend the veil and show his face;  
At the judgment of his eye,  
All the universe would die.

4 Brighter, broader lightnings flash,  
Hail and rain tempestuous fall;  
Louder, deeper thunders crash,  
Desolation threatens all;  
Struggling nature gasps for breath,  
In the agony of death!

5 God of vengeance! from above,  
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,  
O remember thou art Love!  
Spare! O spare a guilty world!  
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,  
See thy bow of promise smile!

6 Welcome in the eastern cloud,  
Messenger of mercy still!  
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,  
‘Peace on earth—to man good-will!’  
Nature—God’s repenting child,  
See thy Parent reconcil’d.

7 Cool and tranquil is the night,  
Nature’s sore afflictions cease;  
For the storm has spent its might,  
See the covenant of peace!  
Vengeance drops her harmless rod,  
Mercy is the power of God.

## 51.

The Rainbow a sign of God's covenant — Genesis ix. 13, 14. 16. *I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud :—and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.*

- 1 STILL in the dark and threat'ning cloud,  
That bow is brightly plac'd above ;  
Nor should despondency enshroud  
The token of eternal love.
- 2 More bright, more beauteous are its beams,  
Contrasted with surrounding gloom ;  
Thus heavenly mercy ever seems  
Most lovely in impending doom.
- 3 A cloudless heaven, to joy's glad gaze,  
May be with richer glory fraught ;  
While sorrow's eye its arch surveys,  
Without one fond, congenial thought.
- 4 But, when dark clouds obscure the sky,  
That bow of promise still is fair ;  
Cheering the mourner's heavenward eye,  
Teaching his heart that *God is there.*

BERNARD BARTON.

## 52.

Earthquakes, Floods, and Storms.—Psalm xviii. 7, 8, 9. 12. 15. *Then the earth shook and trembled ; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured : coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down : and darkness was under his feet. At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed ; hail-stones and coals of fire. Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.*

WHILE God performs upon the trembling stage  
Of his own works, his dreadful part alone,



Kindled in Heav'n, that it burns down to  
earth,

And, in the furious inquest that it makes  
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.

COWPER.

53.

God only can speak to the heart.—1 Kings xix. 12, 13.  
*And after the earthquake a fire ; but the Lord was not in  
the fire : and after the fire a still small voice. And it  
was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face  
in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in  
of the cave.*

- 1 THE wind swept by ! God was not there !  
The earthquake rock'd the holy hill ;  
The fire roll'd past with horrid glare,  
The Tisbite stood collected still. *a*
- 2 The *still small voice* its signal gave !  
Instant he left his hiding place,  
Stood in the entrance of the cave,  
With watchful ear, and shrouded face.
- 3 Solemn description ! teaching yet  
Important truth to latest time ;  
Truth ne'er before the Spirit set,  
In form more awfully sublime.
- 4 Meek follower of the Nazarene,  
Thou well canst read the lesson taught ;  
Strong winds have pass'd, and earthquakes  
been,  
Which have no certain watchword brought.
- 5 The fire, in conflict's awful hour,  
Hath pass'd, and nought but ruin show'n ;  
But in the *still small voice* have pow'r  
And love divine to thee been known.
- 6 Then from their innermost recess,  
Ee'n as the seer that cavern trod,  
*Feeling and thought* came forth to bless,  
And bear with awe *the voice of God*.

BERNARD BARTON.

*a* 1 Kings xix. 11—13.

## 54.

War.\*—Luke xxi. 10. *Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom.*

PEACE was awhile men's care; they plough'd  
and sow'd,  
And reap'd their plenty, without grudge or strife.  
But violence can never longer sleep,  
Than human passions please. In ev'ry heart  
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;  
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.  
Cain had already shed a brother's blood: *a*  
The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd,  
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.  
Soon by a righteous judgment, in the line  
Of his descending progeny was found  
The first artificer of death; the shrewd  
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,  
And forc'd the blunt, and yet unbloodied steel  
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.  
Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times,  
The sword and faulchion their inventor claim;  
And the first smith was the first murderer's son. *b*  
When man was multiplied and spread abroad  
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call

\* War is surely one of the most grievous consequences of the fall of man. It is hard to say which are its worst effects—the waste of human life—the domestic misery which follows its rapine and devastation—or the demoralizing and hardening influence it has on the characters of its agents. The bowels of the earth are ransacked for combustibles and metals, to carry on the work of destruction, and human invention is exercised to discover engines yet more cruel and murderous than those fearful ones already in use. Earnestly may the Christian pray and long for that millennial period, when “nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they *learn* war any more, but” every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and none shall make him afraid. Micah iv. 3, 4. Very just and feeling views of this subject are taken by the Rev. Robert Hall of Leicester, in his admirable sermon, “Reflections on War,” preached January 1st. 1802, during the peace of Amiens.

*a* Genesis iv. 8.

*b* Genesis iv. 22.

These meadows, and that range of hills his own ;  
 The tasted sweets of property begat  
 Desire of more ; and industry in some  
 T' improve and cultivate their just demesne,  
 Made others covet what they saw so fair.  
 Thus war began on earth : these fought for  
 spoil,

And those in self-defence. Till, at length,  
 One eminent above the rest, for strength,  
 Was chosen leader : him they serv'd in war,  
 And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds.  
 Man in society, is like a flower  
 Blown in its native bed : 'Tis there alone  
 His faculties expanded in full bloom,  
 Shine out ; there only reach their proper use.  
 But man associate and leagu'd with man,  
 Beneath one head, for purposes of war,  
 Like flow'rs collected from the rest, and bound  
 And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,  
 Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr'd,  
 Contracts defilement not to be endur'd.

COWPER.

## 55.

Sufferings of the Inferior Creatures.†—Genesis ii. 19.  
*And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast  
 of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them  
 unto Adam, to see what he would call them : and whatso-  
 ever Adam called every living creature, that was the name  
 thereof.* Romans viii. 22. *For we know that the whole  
 creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until  
 now.*

MAN scarce had ris'n obedient to his call,  
 Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,  
 When he was crown'd as never king was since.

† “ The animal tribes are subject to pain and death  
 through man's sin, and their sufferings are exceedingly  
 increased by his cruelty, who, instead of a kind master, is  
 become their inhuman butcher and tyrant.” Scott's Com-  
 mentary. See his whole note on Romans viii. 18—23.  
 That God designed the happiness of the lower animals, is  
 evident, by referring to Genesis i. Their food was pro-  
 vided before their creation—among his other works the



To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,  
 Or his base gluttony, are causes good  
 And just, in his account, why bird and beast  
 Should suffer torture, and the streams be dy'd  
 With blood of their inhabitants impal'd.  
 Earth groans beneath the burden of a war  
 Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he,  
 Not satisfied to prey on all around,  
 Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs  
 Needless, and first torments ere he devours.

COWPER.

## 56.

Lost blessings will be restored in Christ.—Isaiah xi. 9.  
*They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain :  
 for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as  
 the waters cover the sea.*

- 1 O POUR forth a song of devotion and mirth!  
 For a vision of glory has come to the earth;  
 A light has appeared on the desolate path  
 Of a people that walked in the darkness of  
 death.
- 2 A shadow to man hath been graciously given  
 Of events that are yet in the secret of heaven—  
 Of a prince who his throne shall establish in  
 peace, [increase.  
 And whose kingdom of truth shall for ever
- 3 The chains of the captive shall fall to the ground  
 And the prisons be opened for those that are  
 bound, [upborne,  
 And the broken in heart shall be gently  
 And the mourner in Zion no longer shall  
 mourn.
- 4 The blind in the sun-light of day shall rejoice,  
 And the deaf shall be thrilled with each  
 cherishing voice,  
 And the feet of the lame shall be swift as the  
 roe, [flow.  
 And the song of the dumb shall with gratitude

- 5 The hands of the weak shall no longer be  
 weak, [seek,  
 And the knees of the feeble no succour shall  
 And the heart of the fearful shall beat like  
 the brave, [to save.  
 When it meets with a friend that is mighty
- 6 The desert shall bloom like the rose in its  
 prime, [clime,  
 And the fountains shall spring in the desolate  
 And the thorn shall give place to the pine-tree  
 of green, [bush hath been.  
 And the myrtle shall flower where the brier-
- 7 The wolf and the lambkin together shall meet,  
 And the leopard repose with the kid at its  
 feet, [the asp,  
 And the child shall disport on the hole of  
 And the lion shall lead in its infantine grasp.
- 8 For nought shall destroy in the mount of the  
 Lord, [the sword,  
 Nor the beast with its fang, nor mankind with  
 For the knowledge of God o'er the earth shall  
 be spread, [bed.
- \* As the ocean-flood covers its measureless

## KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

\* The vast train of evils attendant on man, can be traced only to the fall. The Goodness and Mercy that yet predominates around him, is of Infinite Beneficence and Love. The penalty of the broken Covenant was Death temporal, spiritual, and eternal, which includes all evil in Time and in Eternity. That the sentence was mitigated and suspended, is the gracious effect of the Saviour's efficacious atonement. There is an illustration of this truth, in Genesis viii. 20—22. where, on coming forth from the ark, with his family, &c. Noah first offered a typical sacrifice, "and, the Lord smelled a sweet savour, and said, I will not again curse the ground for man's sake, neither will I again smite every living thing. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." Christ's blood purchased for us redemption from all evil, natural and moral, and a restoration of all forfeited blessings. When his gospel is published in all the earth, and his kingdom universally established, then, and not till then, the precious prophecies referred to in the above paraphrase, will

## IX. THE FALL OF MAN DISPLAYED IN DEATH.



## 57.

Adam's sin caused death —Genesis ii. 17. *In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.* Hebrews ix. 27. *It is appointed unto men once to die.*

- 1 HEAVEN hath confirm'd the great decree,  
That Adam's race must die;  
One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, survey the tomb,  
Where you must quickly dwell:  
Hark, how the awful summons sounds  
In every funeral knell.
- 3 *Once you must die*—and once for all,  
The solemn purport weigh;  
For know, that heaven and hell depend  
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, though long in darkness veil'd,  
Must wake, the Judge to see;  
And every deed, and word, and thought,  
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 May we in Thee, the Judge, behold  
Our Saviour and our Friend;  
And far above the reach of death,  
With all thy saints ascend.

DODDRIDGE.

be fulfilled: in the hope and expectation of which, let there be a spiritual altar erected in every Christian family, and, relying on the blood of atonement, the prayer be *there* unceasingly offered, "*Thy kingdom come!*" See Isaiah ii. 1—5. with Micah iv. 1—7. Isaiah ix. 1—7, xi. 1—9. xxv. 6—8. xxxv. lv. lx. lxi. lxii. lxv. Daniel vii. 14, 27. Habakkuk ii. 14. with Scott's notes, which explain the figurative language of these prophecies, and compare with his notes on Revelations xx. 1—6, which shew their application to the Millennial period.

## 58.

Death contemplated.—Jeremiah xii. 5. *How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?*

- 1 DARK RIVER OF DEATH, that is flowing  
Between the BRIGHT CITY and me,  
Thou boundest the path I am going,  
O how shall I pass over thee!
- 2 When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,  
And earth disappears from my sight,—  
When a cloud rises thickly before me,  
And veils all my spirits in night,—
- 3 When the hands I love dearly are wringing,  
The eyes all for me wet with tears,  
The hearts that surround me still clinging,  
And I all misgivings and fears:
- 4 Ere the warmth of that love be departed  
That binds us so closely below,  
Could I bear to see them broken-hearted,  
Nor feel all the sting of their woe?
- 5 O DEATH! thou last portion of sorrow,  
The prospect of Heav'n is bright;  
And fair is the dawn of its morrow,  
But stormy and dreadful thy night!
- 6 O THOU who hast broken the pow'r  
Of this the last victor of men,  
Be with me in that solemn hour,  
O grant me deliverance then!
- 7 The glory from Calvary streaming,  
May shine o'er the cold sable wave;  
And the faith that is oftentimes beaming  
May burst through the gloom of the grave.
- 8 And peace may shine cloudless above me,  
When I think that my Saviour has said,  
THE FATHER HIMSELF deigns to love me  
And JESUS has died in my stead!

- 9 With the prospect of meeting for ever,—  
 With the bright gates of Heaven in view,  
 From the dearest on earth I could sever,  
 And smile a delightful adieu !

EDMESTON'S LYRICS.

59.

Death of young People.—Matthew xxiv. 44. *Be ye also ready : for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.*

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O may this truth imprest  
 With awful pow'r, *I too must die !*  
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;  
 Behold the gaping tomb !  
 It bids us seize the present hour ;  
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,  
 May ev'ry heart obey ;  
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,  
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
 Whose pow'rful arm can save :  
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,  
 With cleansing, healing pow'r ;  
 This only can prepare the heart  
 For death's important hour.

MRS. STEELE.

## 60.

The death of Infants.—Romans v. 14. *Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come.*

- 1 'Twas summer, and a sabbath eve,  
And balmy was the air,  
I saw a sight that made me grieve,  
And yet that sight was fair;  
For in a little coffin lay,  
Two lifeless babes as sweet as May.
- 2 Like waxen dolls that infants dress,  
Their little bodies were,  
A look of placid happiness  
Did on each face appear;  
And in a coffin short and wide,  
They lay together side by side.
- 3 A rose bud nearly clos'd, I found  
Each little hand within,  
And many a pink was strew'd around,  
With sprigs of jessamine.  
But all the flowers that round them lay,  
Were not to me *so sweet as they*
- 4 Their mother as a lily pale,  
Sat near them on a bed,  
And bending o'er them told her tale,  
And many a tear she shed.  
But oft she cried amidst her pain,  
"My babes and I shall meet again."
- 5 Her hope was *given from above,*  
A *sweet and cheering* beam,  
'Twas kindled by a *Saviour's love,*  
'Twas no delusive dream;  
For they, who own his easy yoke,  
Can *meekly* bear his chastening stroke.

## .61.

A Dying Infant to its Mother.—2 Kings iv. 19, 20. *And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died.*

- 1 “ CEASE here longer to detain me,  
Fondest mother drown'd in woe:  
Now thy kind caresses pain me,  
Morn advances—*let me go.*
- 2 “ See yon orient streak appearing!  
Harbinger of endless day;  
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,  
Calls my new-born soul away!
- 3 “ Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,  
On the world's wild boist'rous flood;  
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,  
Gladly I return to God.
- 4 “ Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,  
Now my trembling heart find rest:  
Kinder arms than thine receive me,  
Softer pillow than thy breast.
- 5 “ Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,  
Upward turning toward their home:  
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,  
While they wait to *see thee come.*
- 6 “ There, my mother, pleasures centre—  
Weeping, parting, care, or woe,  
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—  
Morn advances—*let me go.*
- 7 “ As through this calm, this holy dawning,  
Silent glides my parting breath,  
To an everlasting morning,  
Gently close my eyes in death.
- 8 “ Blessings endless, richest blessings,  
Pour their streams upon thy heart!

(Though no language yet possessing,  
Breathes my spirit e'er we part.

- 9 " Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,  
Though again his voice I hear :  
Rise ! may every grace attend thee ;  
Rise ! and *seek to meet me there.*"

REV. R. CECIL.

## 62.

Thoughts on Mortality.—Romans v. 12. *So death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.* Job iii. 19. *The small and great are there.* Zechariah i. 5. *Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?*

- 1 O *why* should the spirit of mortal be proud !  
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—  
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.
- 2 For the multitude goes—like the flower and the  
That wither away to let others succeed ; [weed  
And the multitude comes—even those we  
behold,  
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.
- 3 For we are the same things that our fathers  
have been, [seen,  
We see the same sights that our fathers have  
We drink the same stream, and we feel the  
same sun, [have run.  
And we run the same course that our fathers
- 4 They loved—but their story we cannot unfold ;  
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty  
is cold ;  
They grieved—but no wail from their slum-  
bers may come ; [is dumb.  
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness
- 5 They died—ay, they died ! and we things that  
are now  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,

Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrim-  
age road.

6 Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure  
and pain,  
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and  
the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

7 'Tis the close of an eye, 'tis the draw of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of  
death, [shroud—  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the  
O *why* should the spirit of mortal be proud !

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

### 63.

The river Jordan an emblem of Death.—Joshua iii. 17.  
and iv. 7. *And the priests, that bare the ark of the cove-  
nant of the Lord, stood firm on dry ground in the midst of  
Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground,  
until all the people were passed clean over Jordan. And  
these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of  
Israel for ever.*

- 1 BETWEEN us and that land of rest,  
To which thy grace, O Lord ! would guide,  
Seems interpos'd, in hours deprest,  
A deep, a broad, and billowy tide.
- 2 There waves of conflict loudly roar,  
Rocks of temptation there are found ;  
The winds of pride sweep fiercely o'er,  
And fogs of doubt oft hover round.
- 3 And many a once triumphant bark,  
Strew'd on its shore a shapeless mass,  
Denotes what countless dangers mark  
The Jordan which the soul must pass.
- 4 Yet, Christian pilgrim, thou, to whom  
That land of promis'd rest is dear,

Let not despondency and gloom  
Excite distrust and chilling fear.

- 5 Go on in faith and hope like those  
Who bore that hallow'd ark on high ;  
At whose approach, the waters rose,  
And waveless stood till they went by.
- 6 He who hath call'd thee by his love,  
Can guard thee safely by his pow'r ;  
By grace can guide thee from above,  
In peril's and temptation's hour.
- 7 His word of promise is as true  
As when the Jordan backward turn'd ;  
His arm can lead thee safely through  
The deeper tide by thee discern'd.
- 8 Can give thee from its hidden bed,  
Stones of memorial for a sign ;  
That souls redeem'd by Jesus led,  
May trust in power and love divine.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 64.

Lines written in Richmond Church-yard, Yorkshire.—  
Matthew xvii. 4. *It is good for us to be here.*

- 1 METHINKS it is good to be here,  
If thou wilt let us build—but for whom ?  
Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass with  
gloom,  
The abode of the dead, and the place of the  
tomb.
- 2 Shall we build to Ambition ? Ah ! no ;  
Affrighted he shrinketh away ;  
For see ! they would pin him below  
To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold  
clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

- 3 To Beauty? Ah! no; she forgets  
 The charms which she wielded before:  
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets  
 The skin which, but yesterday, fools could  
 adore [it wore.  
 For the smoothness it held, or the tint which
- 4 Shall we build to the purple of Pride,  
 The trappings which dizen the proud?  
 Alas! they are all laid aside,  
 And here's neither dress nor adornment al-  
 low'd, [of the shroud.  
 But the long winding sheet, and the fringe
- 5 To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,  
 Who hid in their turns have been hid;  
 The treasures are squander'd again;  
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,  
 But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.
- 6 To the pleasures which mirth can afford,  
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?  
 Ah! here is a plentiful board, [cheer,  
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful  
 And none, *but the worm*, is a reveller here.
- 7 Shall we build to Affection and Love?  
 Ah! no; *they have wither'd and died*,  
 Or fled with the spirit above,— [side,  
*Friends, brothers, and sisters*, are laid side by  
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.
- 8 Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,  
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear  
 Which compassion itself could relieve;  
 Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love,  
 or fear; [here.  
*Peace, peace*, is the watchword, the *only* one
- 9 Unto Death, to whom monarchs must  
 Ah! no; for his empire is known, [bow?  
 And here there are trophies enow;

Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark  
stone, [disown.

Are the signs of a sceptre that none may

- 10 The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,  
And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;  
The second to Faith, which ensures it  
fulfill'd ; [sacrifice,  
And the third to the Lamb of the great  
Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose  
to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

## 65.

Thoughts on a Mole Hill in a Church-yard.—Genesis iii. 19. *Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.* Job xvii. 13, 14. *If I wait, the grave is mine house : I have made my bed in the darkness. I have said to corruption, Thou art my father : to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister.*

- 1 TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,  
Thou dust that once had breath !  
Tell me, how many mortals meet  
In this small hill of death ?
- 2 The Mole that scoops with curious toil  
Her subterranean bed,  
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,  
And mines among the dead.
- 3 But, O ! where'er she turns the ground,  
My kindred earth I see ;  
Once every atom of this mound  
Liv'd, breath'd, and felt like me.
- 4 Like me, these elder born of clay  
Enjoy'd the cheerful light,  
Bore the brief burden of a day,  
And went to rest at night.
- 5 By wafting winds, and flooding rains,  
From ocean, earth, and sky,

Collected here, the frail remains  
Of slumbering millions lie.

- 6 Through all this hillock's crumbling mould,  
Once the warm life blood ran ;  
*Here* thine *original* behold,  
And *here* thy ruins, man !
- 7 The Tow'rs and Temples crush'd by Time,  
Stupendous wrecks ! appear  
To me less mournfully sublime,  
Than the poor Mole Hill here.
- 8 Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath ;  
Ten thousand pulses beat ;  
Tell me—in this small hill of death,  
How many mortals meet ?
- 9 And now their fleeting day is past—  
Beyond it who can tell,  
In what mysterious region cast,  
Their living spirits dwell ?
- 10 I know not—but I soon shall know,  
When life's sore conflicts cease ;  
And this warm beating heart lies low,  
In their cold bed of peace.

MONTGOMERY.

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X. ON THE MORAL LAW.

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66.

Excellence of the law.—Romans vii. 12. *Wherefore the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good.*

- 1 Thy law is perfect, Lord of light,  
Thy testimonies sure ;  
The statutes of thy realms are right,  
And thy commandments pure.
- 2 Holy, inviolate, thy fear,  
Enduring as thy throne ;

Thy judgments chastening or severe,  
Justice and truth alone.

- 3 More priz'd than gold, than gold whose waste  
Refining fire expels,  
Sweeter than honey to my taste,  
Than honey from the cells.
- 4 Let these, O God, my soul convert,  
And make thy servant wise,  
Let these be gladness to my heart,  
The day-spring to mine eyes.
- 5 By these may I be warn'd betimes;  
Who knows the guile within?  
Lord! save me from presumptuous crimes,  
Cleanse me from secret sin.
- 6 So may the words my lips express,  
The thoughts that throng my mind;  
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,  
With thee acceptance find.

MONTGOMERY.

### 67.

The law condemns us.—Gal. iii. 10. 13. 24. *Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us : for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree. Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith.*

- 1 THE law commands, and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe;  
But 'tis the gospel must reveal,  
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
And shews how vile our hearts have been;  
Only the gospel can express  
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce  
Against the man that fails *but once*; a

a James ii. 10.

But in the gospel Christ appears,  
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years. *b*

- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw  
 Thy life and comfort from the law ;  
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives ;  
 The man that *trusts the promise lives.*

WATTS.

## XI. SALVATION BY CHRIST.

## 68.

Christ came to save sinners.—1 Timothy i. 15. *This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.*

- 1 AND did the Holy and the Just,  
 The Sov'reign of the skies,  
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
 That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
 His radiant throne on high :  
 Surprising mercy ! love unknown !  
 To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
 And suffer'd in his stead ;  
 For man,—O miracle of grace !—  
 For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell  
 In thy atoning blood !  
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,  
 And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends  
 To love so full, so free ;  
 And may I hope that love extends  
 Its sacred pow'r to me.
- 6 What glad return can I impart  
 For favours so divine ?

*b* Isaiah i. 18.

O take my all,—this worthless heart,  
And make it *wholly thine*.

MRS. STEELE.

## 69.

Christ the subject of Promise, Prophecy, and Type.—Gen. iii. 15. *And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed : it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.* Acts x. 43. *To him give all the prophets witness, that, through his name, whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.*

- 1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed !  
Messiah, Lord, expected long !  
In whom the prophets all agreed,  
Subject of each inspired song !
- 2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,  
When visions of the Lord he saw ;  
Moses, the man of God, foretold  
This great Fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The Types bore witness to his name,  
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd ;  
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,  
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet  
To join their blessings on his head :  
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,  
And nations own the promis'd seed.

WATTS.

## 70.

The Ceremonial Law typified Christ.—Hebrews x. 1. *For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices, which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect.*

- 1 ISR'EL, in ancient days,  
Not only had a view  
Of Sinai in a blaze,  
But learn'd the gospel too.

The types and figures were a glass,  
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,  
And blood besprinkled door, *a*  
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
And once apply'd with pow'r,  
Would teach the need of other blood,  
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth  
His perfect innocence, *b*  
Whose blood of matchless worth  
Should be the soul's defence ;  
For he who can for sin atone,  
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head *c*  
The people's trespass bore,  
And to the desert led,  
Was to be seen no more :  
In him our Surety seem'd to say,  
" Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,  
The living bird went free ; *d*  
The type, well understood,  
Express'd the sinner's plea ;  
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,  
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace  
Throughout the sacred page,  
The footsteps of thy grace,  
The same in ev'ry age !  
O grant that I may faithful be  
To clearer light, vouchsaf'd to me !

COWPER.

*a* Exod. xii. 13.*b* Lev. xii. 6.*c* Lev. xxi. 21.*d* Lev. xiv. 51—53.

## 71.

Jewish sacrifices point to the Lamb of God.—Hebrews ix. 22. *Without shedding of blood is no remission.* John i. 29. *The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!*

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see,  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his dying love.

WATTS.

## 72.

Christ a refuge for the soul.—Isaiah xxv. 4. *For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.*

- 1 JESUS, Refuge of my soul,  
Let me to thy mercy fly.  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high!

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 'Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me :  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Lord, art all I want ;  
 All in all in thee I find :  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness ;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity !

C. WESLEY.

### 73.

Christ a hiding-place from God's anger.—Isaiah xxxii.  
 2. *And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind,  
 and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a  
 dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*

1 HAIL, sov'reign Love, that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man !

Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a *hiding-place* !

- 2 Against the God that rules the sky  
I fought, with hand uplifted high;  
Despis'd his rich abounding grace,  
Too proud to seek a *hiding-place*.
- 3 Indignant justice stood in view,  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew :  
But Justice cry'd, with frowning face,  
" This mountain is no *hiding-place*.
- 4 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,  
And Mercy's angel-form appear'd ;  
She led me on, with gentle pace,  
To Jesus, as my *hiding-place*.
- 5 On Him the ten-fold vengeance fell,  
That would have sunk a world to Hell ;  
He bore it for the chosen race,  
And thus became their *hiding-place*.

BROWNE.

# 74.

Christ the Rock of ages.—Psalm. lxi. 2. *I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed : lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.* Psalm lxii. 2. *He only is my rock and my salvation.*

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Not the labours of my hands,  
Can fulfil thy law's demands :  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou *canst* save, and *thou alone*.
- 2 To that sacred cleansing flood  
Of thy freely flowing blood,  
I, a helpless sinner, fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die :

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

- 3 While I live my fleeting day,  
When I sigh my soul away ;  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne ;  
Still, O Lord, be thou my stay,  
Cast not then my soul away :  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

75.

Eternal life in Christ.—John vi. 68. *Lord, to whom shall we go ? thou hast the words of eternal life.* 1 John v. 11. *And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life ; and this life is in his Son.*

- 1 THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,  
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,—  
And can my soul from thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, oh ! whither shall I go,  
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?  
Can this dark world of sin and woe  
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,  
On these my fainting spirit lives ;  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart  
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,  
Here safety dwells and peace divine ;  
Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
For life, *eternal life*, is thine.

MRS. STEELE.

## XII. THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.



## 76.

The Mighty God.—Isaiah ix. 6. *For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ; and the government shall be upon his shoulder : and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.*

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all ;  
My praise shall climb to his abode ;  
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense ;  
Eternal ages saw him shine,  
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,  
Almighty Ruler of the sky,  
As when the six days' work he made,  
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see ;  
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal  
To worship him who died for me.

COWPER.

## 77.

Jesus worshipped in earth and heaven.—Philippians ii. 10, 11. *That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.*

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !  
Hail, derided, injur'd King !  
Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
Thou didst free salvation bring !

Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By thy merits we find favour,  
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins were on thee laid!  
For the glorious work anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made!  
All thy people are forgiven,  
Thro' the virtue of thy blood:  
Open'd is the gate of Heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,  
There for ever to abide!  
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side:  
There for sinners thou art pleading,  
There thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give:  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
Help, to sing the Saviour's merits,  
Help, to chant Immanuel's praise!

78.

Jesus praised in earth and heaven.—Revelation v. 11, 12.  
*And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.*

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne:

- Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus:"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.
- 6 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus:"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."

WATTS.

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XIII. INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

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79.

*The Nativity.—Isa. ix. 6. The Prince of Peace. Luke ii. 13, 14. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*

- 1 No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;  
The hooked chariot stood,  
Unstain'd with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord  
was nigh.

2 But Peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light  
His reign of Peace upon the earth began:  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean;  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
charmed wave.

3 The stars with deep amaze,  
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
And morning star had often warned them thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid  
them go.

4 And tho' the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new enlightened world no more should  
He saw a greater sun appear, [ need;  
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree,  
could bear.

5 When such music sweet  
The shepherds' ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal fingers struck;  
Divinely warbled voice  
Answ'ring the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
 The air such pleasure loth to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each  
 heav'nly close.

6 At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light, [array'd ;  
 That with long beams the shamefac'd night  
 The helmed cherubim,  
 And sworded seraphim, [play'd ;  
 Are seen in glitt'ring ranks with wings dis-  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new  
 born Heir.

7 Such music, as 'tis said,  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the Sons of morning sung ;  
 While the Creator great,  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well balane'd world on hinges hung ;  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy  
 channel keep.

MILTON.

## 80.

Christ proclaimed to the Shepherds.—Luke ii. 8, 9, 10, 11.  
*And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in  
 the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And,  
 lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory  
 of the Lord shone round about them ; and they were sore  
 afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for  
 behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall  
 be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city  
 of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*

1 WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,  
 And silence slept on Zion hill ; [night  
 When Bethl'hem's shepherds through the  
 Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light :

- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound,  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptur'd soul.
- 3 Then swift to every startled eye,  
New streams of glory light the sky ;  
Heav'n bursts her azure gates, to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.
- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;  
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps and sung :
- 5 O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 6 See, Mercy from her golden urn  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;  
Behold, she binds, with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 7 He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart,  
Bids Satan and his host depart :  
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bow'rs of Eden bloom !
- 8 O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CAMPBELL.

# 81.

Christ manifested to the Gentiles.—Matthew ii. 9, 10.  
*And, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !

- Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels, adore him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine ;  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor !
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !  
Star of the east the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

BISHOP HEBER.

## XIV. SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

## 82.

*John xii. 27. Now is my soul troubled ; and what shall I say ? Father, save me from this hour : but for this cause came I unto this hour.*

- 1 FOR thou didst die for me, Oh Son of God !  
By thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn ;  
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,  
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn ;  
Thou that wert wont to stand  
Alone on God's right hand,  
Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.
- 2 Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,  
Thy love's return, Ingratitude and hate ;

The limbs thou healedst brought thee no relief,  
The eyes thou openedst calmly viewed thy fate:

Thou that wert wont to dwell

In peace—tongue cannot tell,

Nor heart conceive, the bliss of thy celestial state.

3 They dragg'd thee to the Roman's solemn  
hall,

Where the proud Judge in purple splendour sate;

Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,

Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;

Whose throne shall be the world

In final ruin hurled

With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

4 Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,

When "Crucify him!" yell'd the general shout,

No hand to guard thee mid those insults rude,

Nor lips to bless in all that frantic rout;

Whose lightest whisper'd word

The Seraphim had heard,

And adamantine arms from Heaven broke out.

5 They bound thy temples with the twisted  
thorn,

Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;

The blood from all thy flesh with scourges torn,

Deepened thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;

Whose native virtue bright

Was the unapproached light,

The sandal of whose feet the rapid hurricane.

6 They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless  
palm, [pierced;

With the cold spear thy shuddering side they

The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm

They gave t' enhance thy unslaked burning

Thou at whose words of peace [thirst;

Did pain and anguish cease,

And the long buried dead their bonds of slum-  
ber burst.

7 Low bow'd thy head convuls'd, and droop'd  
in death,

Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry,  
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting  
breath,

And every limb was wrung with agony;

That head whose veilless blaze

Fill'd Angels with amaze,

When at that voice sprung forth the rolling suns  
on high.

8 And thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,  
Thy clay cold limbs with shrouding grave clothes  
bound,

The sealed stone confirm'd thy mortal doom,  
Lone watchmen walked thy desert burial ground;

Whom heaven could not contain,

Nor the immeasurable plain

Of vast Infinity inclose or circle round.

9 For us, *for us*, thou didst endure the pain,  
And thy meek spirit bow'd itself to shame,  
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,  
T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame :

Thou that couldst nothing win,

By saving worlds from sin,

Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious name.

MILMAN'S MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

### 83.

The Garden of Gethsemane.—Matthew xxvi. 36. *Then cometh Jesus to a place called Gethsemane, and saith to the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.* Luke xxii. 42. 44. *Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me : nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And, being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly : and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood, falling down to the ground.*

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground  
On which the Lord was laid ;

His sweat, like drops of blood ran down ;  
In agony he pray'd :

- 2 “ Father, remove this bitter cup,  
If such thy sacred will ;  
If not, content to drink it up,  
Thy pleasure I fulfil.”
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see  
Those precious drops that flow !  
That heavy load he bore for *thee*—  
For *thee* he lies so low.

Haweis.

## 84.

Christ's a life of Poverty.—Isaiah lili. 3. *He is despised and rejected of men ; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief ; and we hid as it were our faces from him : he was despised, and we esteemed him not.* Luke ix. 58.—*And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.*

- 1 Nor wealth, nor plenty, did He ever taste,  
The moss his pillow, oft his couch the ground ;  
The poor man's bread completed his repast,  
Home he had none, and quiet never found,  
For fell reproach pursu'd, and aim'd the  
wound.  
The wise man mock'd him, and the learned  
scorn'd ;  
Th' ambitious worldling other patrons try'd ;  
The pow'r that judg'd him ev'ry foe suborn'd,  
He wept unpitied, and unhonour'd died !
- 2 *Such was the Saviour*—hence draw thy relief,  
Here learn *submission*—passive duties learn ;  
Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief,  
Avoid each danger, ev'ry good discern,  
And win the prize thy Saviour died to earn.  
Reflect, my soul, on his stupendous love,  
His sympathy divine, his tender care—

Spirit of truth ! this stony heart remove,  
While at His feet I drop contrition's tear.

HARTE.

## 85.

Death of Christ.—John xix. 17, 18. *And He, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha ; Where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.*

- 1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,  
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !  
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 To suffer in the traitor's place,  
To die for man—surprising grace !  
Yet pass rebellious angels by !—  
“ O why for man, dear Saviour, why ? ”
- 3 And didst thou bleed ?—for sinners bleed ?  
And could the sun behold the deed ?  
No ! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,  
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of woe,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;  
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 5 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this harden'd heart,  
Till all its pow'rs and passions move  
In melting grief and ardent love.

MRS. STEELE.

## 86.

Mount Calvary.—Luke xxiii. 33. *And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors ; one on the right hand, and the other on the left.*

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see a  
God descend in majesty,  
a Exodus xix. 18.

To proclaim his holy law,  
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious mount I climb, *b*  
O'er my too transported sight  
Rush the shades of sudden night.

3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God in flesh made manifest  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away,  
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

MONTGOMERY.

# 87.

Benefit of looking to the Cross.—John <sup>c</sup>xii. 32. *And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.*

COME then, for Christ invites you, sinners:  
Come,

And contemplate the glories of the Cross:

Here died the Saviour—and here die the sins  
Of all who view him with an *eye of faith*.

Yea, Death himself, with all his ghastly train  
Of horrors, at the Cross of Christ expires.

The sting of Death is sin, the strength of sin  
Is the condemning law's tremendous curse: *c*

But Christ has borne the curse of guilt away,  
And spoiled the monster of his piercing sting.  
Now, Christians, you may sit beneath the Cross,  
And while you crown the Saviour's head with  
praise,

Due to his worthy name, defy the power  
Of gloomy Death; and here triumphant shout,  
'O Death, where is the sharpness of thy sting?  
Where is thy victory devouring grave?

*b* Matthew xvii. 12.

*c* 1 Corinthians xv. 56, 57.

90 RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Thanks be to God, who gives us victory.  
When Jesus suffer'd he disarm'd our foes ;  
When Jesus rose, he triumph'd o'er them all.  
Then to the utmost mite our debt was paid :  
And Justice can no more demand ; no more  
The strictest law of rectitude require.

SWAINE.

XV. RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

88.

Resurrection of Christ.—1 Corinthians xv. 20. 55, 56, 57.  
*But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day ! *Hallelujah.*

Sons of men and angels say ! *Hallelujah.*

Raise your songs of triumph high ! *Hallelujah.*

Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply. *Hallelujah.*

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—

Fought the fight, the battle won :

Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er,

Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,

Christ hath burst the gates of hell :

Death in vain forbids his rise,

Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King !

“ Where, O death ! is now thy sting ? ”

Once he died our souls to save !

“ Where's thy vic'try, boasting grave ? ”

## 89.

For Easter day.—Matthew xxviii. 6. *He is not here : for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.* Ephesians iv. 8. *When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.*

Most glorious Lord of life ! that on this day  
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin ;  
 And, conquering the grave, didst bring away  
 Captivity, thence captive us to win ;  
 This joyous day, Lord, we with joy begin :  
 And grant that we, for whom thou then didst  
     die,  
 Being with thy dear blood clean' wash'd from sin,  
 May live for ever in felicity :  
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,  
 May likewise love thee for the same again ;  
 And for thy sake, who all like dear didst buy  
 With love may one another entertain.  
 So let us love dear Lord, like as we ought,  
 Love is the lesson, which *thy love has taught.*  
SPENSER.

## 90.

Mary at the Sepulchre.—John xx. 11—13. *But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping : and, as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou ? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.*

- 1 But see ! the third day's earliest dawn  
     Chases the night away ;  
 And faintly gleams across the east,  
     Mild harbinger of day !
- 2 What gentle form is passing there,  
     Bearing a burden sweet—  
 Now drawing near the sepulchre,  
     With slow and timid feet ?

92 RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

- 3 And now she bends her o'er the tomb  
Of one she thinks still sleeps ;  
She finds him not—yet still in love  
She *lingers* there and *weeps*.—
- 4 And was it *thou* whose mournful voice  
Breathed forth that tender moan ?  
A *timid woman* ! hast *thou* dar'd  
To wander here alone ?
- 5 Why weepest thou ? whom seekest thou ?  
Daughter of Galilee !  
Have all thy Master's gracious words  
Fled from thy memory ?—
- 6 Oh slow of heart to understand  
All that the scripture saith,  
*Ardent in gratitude and love,*  
But, oh, how *weak in faith*.
- 7 Arise ! left up thyself from earth,  
A voice is calling thee ;  
An eye that beams with heavenly truth,  
Is *gently* fixed on thee.
- 8 She turns—she listens—but her heart  
Still throbs with grief and fears,  
She gazes—but she sees him not,  
Her eye is dim with tears.
- 9 ' MARY ! ' Oh voice of sov'reign power !  
Accents divinely sweet :—  
Now, *now* she hails her risen Lord,  
And falls beneath his feet.
- 10 And now to Galilee she hastes,  
Her footsteps wing'd with speed,  
Brethren ! he lives—the crucified—  
The Lord is risen indeed !
- 11 O glorious tidings of great joy !  
Seal of futurity !  
We too would hail thee and adore  
Lord of Eternity !

- 12 Oh help us all the ingrafted word  
 With meekness to receive ;  
 Blessed are they who have not seen, *a*  
 And yet on thee believe.

## 91.

Ascension of Christ.—Mark xvi. 19. *So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.*

- 1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates !  
 Unfold, to entertain  
 The King of Glory ! see ! he comes  
 With his celestial train !
- 2 Who is this King of Glory ? who ?  
 The Lord for strength renown'd,  
 In battle mighty, o'er his foes  
 Eternal victor crown'd.
- 3 Lift up your heads, ye gates ! unfold,  
 In state, to entertain  
 The King of Glory ! see ! he comes  
 With all his shining train.
- 4 Who is this King of Glory ? who ?  
 The Lord of hosts renown'd ;  
 Of glory he alone is King,  
 Who is with glory crown'd.

TATE AND BRADY.

## XVI. TITLES, CHARACTERS, AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

## 92.

Jesus.—Matthew i. 21. *And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus ; for he shall save his people from their sins.*

- 1 How sweet the name of JESUS sounds  
 In a believer's ear !  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.

*a* John xx. 29.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place:  
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defil'd;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I *see thee* as thou art,  
I'll *praise thee* as I ought.
- 7 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
With ev'ry fleeting breath:  
And may the music of *thy name*  
Refresh *my soul in death*.

NEWTON.

## 93.

Emmanuel.—Mat. i. 23. *They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us.*

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows  
Charm me in EMMANUEL'S name:  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came, the angels sung,  
"Glory be to God on high;"  
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,  
Who should louder sing than I?

- 3 Did the Lord a man become,  
That he might the law fulfil?  
Bleed, and suffer, in my room,  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are and weak;  
For should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak. *a*

NEWTON.

## 94.

Jesus Christ.—John xx. 31. *But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.*

OH! for an harp to sound his worthy name,  
O'er the vast surface of this spacious globe,  
So loud and sweet that every ear might hear,  
And every heart might feel, what JESUS means.  
No name in heav'n pretends to vie with His:  
Its awful sound inspires *celestial* hearts  
With *blissful* rapture and, with *reverence* deep,  
Fills their adoring powers. Though utter'd oft,  
Chief note in every strain, it never cloy;  
Such mines of rich instruction, and such mines  
Of rich delight does Jesus' name contain.  
So Paul, inspir'd with sacred wisdom, taught,  
When to the churches writing; CHRIST was *all*  
In each epistle: whether sharp rebuke,  
Or commendation kind, employ'd his pen;  
Whether he struck the *golden harp* of love,  
Or thunder'd forth the *terrors* of the law;  
Still CHRIST was *all in all* At every close,  
The sacred honours of the Saviour's name  
Shed their full fragrance, as a sweet perfume,  
Enriching every sentence. *None* but CHRIST,  
And him for sinners crucified, and rais'd,  
To justify them at his Father's throne,  
Would holy Paul acknowledge as his theme.

*a* Luke xix. 40.

‘I live,’ he cries—yet, recollecting quick [me,] a  
 Whence his life sprung,—‘Not I, but Christ in  
 Absorbs the bold assertion. *None* but CHRIST  
 If Paul must preach, would serve him for a text.  
*That name alone* he deem’d sufficient quite;  
 To exercise his talents *to the full*,  
 And give his *eloquence its utmost stretch*.

SWAINE.

## 95.

Lord of All.—Acts x. 36. *He is Lord of all.* Rev. xix. 12.  
*And on his head were many crowns.*

- 1 ALL-HAIL! the pow’r of Jesus’ name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
 Who from his altar call;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse’s rod,  
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Isr’el’s race,  
 A remnant weak and small,  
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne’er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall;  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,  
 Who feel your sin and thrall,  
 Now joy with all the hosts above,  
 And crown him Lord of all!
- 6 Let ev’ry kindred, ev’ry tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all!

*a Galatians ii. 20, 21.*

- 7 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all!

PERRONET.

## 96.

Sun of Righteousness.—Malachi iv. 2. *But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.*

- 1 Distant Lord, from thine abode,  
 Far from glory, far from God;  
 Now, and then, we breathe a sigh,  
 Upwards to our native sky.  
 O for one celestial ray!  
 From the shining seats of day,  
 Sun of righteousness! arise,  
 Warm our hearts and charm our eyes.
- 2 Melt our chains with heavenly fire,  
 Love and joy, and peace, inspire:  
 Make us feel thy grace within,  
 Free us from the power of sin.  
 Give, O give us wings to rise,  
 In affection to the skies,  
 Liberty, and joy divine,  
 Sun of righteousness, are thine.

MRS. STEELE.

## 97.

Emblems of Christ.—Psalm lxxii. 17. *His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.*

- 1 Go, worship at Emmanuel's feet,  
 See, in his face, what wonders meet!  
 Earth is too narrow to express  
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford  
 But some faint shadows of my Lord;

Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread? *a*  
Dear Lord! our souls would thus be fed;  
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

4 Is he a tree? The world receives *b*  
Salvation from his healing leaves:  
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,  
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a rose? not Sharon yields *c*  
Such fragrancy in all her fields;  
Or if the lily he assume,  
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

6 Is he a vine? his heav'nly root *d*  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:  
O let a lasting union join  
My soul to Christ, the living vine!

7 Is he a head? each member lives, *e*  
And owns the vital power he gives;  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

8 Is he a fountain? there I bathe, *f*  
And heal the plague of sin and death:  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a fire? he'll purge my dross, *g*  
But the true gold sustains no loss;  
Like a refiner shall he sit,  
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a rock? how firm he proves! *h*  
The rock of ages never moves;

*a* John vi. 48—58.

*d* John xv. 1—8.

*g* Mal. iii. 2. 3.

*b* Rev. xxii. 2, 16.

*e* Eph. v. 23.

*c* Song ii. 1.

*f* Zech. xiii. 1.

*h* 1 Cor. x. 4.

Yet the sweet streams, that from him flow,  
Attend us all the desert through.

- 11 Is he a way? he leads to God; *i*  
The path is drawn in lines of blood;  
There would I walk with hope and zeal,  
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.
- 12 Is he a door? I'll enter in; *k*  
Behold the pastures large and green!  
A paradise divinely fair,  
None but the sheep have freedom there.
- 13 Is he design'd the corner-stone *l*  
For men to build their Heav'n upon?  
I'll make him my foundation too,  
Nor fear the plots of Hell below.
- 14 Is he a temple? I adore *m*  
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;  
And still to this most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star? he breaks the night, *n*  
Piercing the shades with dawning light;  
I know his glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the morning-star.
- 16 Is he a sun? his beams are grace, *o*  
His course is joy and righteousness:  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their clouds and dry their tears,
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise!  
There he displays his power abroad,  
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God!
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor Heav'n his full resemblance bears:  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.

WATTS.

*i* John xiv. 4, 5, 6. *k* John x. 1—9. *l* Eph. ii. 20. Acts  
iv. 11. *m* John ii. 19—21. *n* Numb. xxiv. 17. *o* Mal. iv. 2.

## 98.

Christ a Physician.—Jeremiah viii. 22. *Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?*

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,  
Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;  
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
With fatal strength, in ev'ry part;  
The dire contagion fills the veins,  
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found?  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great Physician near:  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live!  
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear  
Such help as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow!  
'Tis only this dear sacred flood,  
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe,
- 6 Sin throws in vain its poison'd dart,  
For here a sov'reign cure is found—  
A cordial for the fainting heart—  
A balm for ev'ry painful wound.

MRS. STEELE.

## 99.

Christ a Shepherd.—Isaiah xl. 11. *He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.*

- 1 THE Lord my pasture will prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;

His presence will my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noon-day walks he will attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary wan'dring steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty will my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness will smile ;  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams will murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast faith will fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook will give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

ADDISON.

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\* CHRIST THE HEAVENLY PILOT.

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100.

The Heavenly Voyage.—Luke v. 4. *Launch out into the deep.*

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,  
I launch into the deep,  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep :

\* Under this head are placed the hymns suitable for Seamen, which are the more numerous inserted, at the request of an individual, largely circulating the book in a seaport town.

For Thee I fain would all resign,  
And sail to heaven with Thee and thine.

- 2    Thou art my pilot wise;  
     My compass is thy word:  
     My soul each storm defies,  
     While I have such a Lord:  
I trust thy faithfulness and power,  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3    Though rocks and quicksands deep  
     Through all my passage lie,  
     Yet Christ will safely keep,  
     And guide me with his eye:  
My anchor, Hope, shall firm abide,  
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4    By faith I see the land,  
     The port of endless rest;  
     My soul thy sails expand,  
     And fly to Jesus' breast!  
O may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more!
- 5    Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
     And storms forbear to toss,  
     Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
     Lest I should suffer loss:  
For more the treacherous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6    Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
     A prosperous gale of grace,  
     To waft from all below,  
     To heaven, my destin'd place!  
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

## 101.

My Father's at the helm.—Matthew xiv. 31, 32. *And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.*

- 1 'T'WAS when the sea's tremendous roar  
A little bark assail'd,  
And pallid fear, with awful power,  
O'er each on board prevailed;
- 2 Save one, the Captain's darling child,  
Who, fearless, viewed the storm,  
And playful, with composure, smil'd  
At danger's threat'ning form.
- 3 "Why sporting thus?" a seaman cried,  
"Whilst sorrows overwhelm,"  
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replied,  
"My father's at the helm."
- 4 Despairing soul! from hence be taught  
How groundless is thy fear;  
Think on what wonders Christ has wrought,  
And He is always near.
- 5 Safe in His hands, whom seas obey,  
When swelling billows rise,  
Who turns the darkest night to day,  
And brightens lowering skies.
- 6 Though thy corruptions rise abhorr'd,  
And outward foes increase,  
'Tis but for Him to speak the word,  
And all is hush'd to peace.
- 7 Then upward look, howe'er distress'd,  
Jesus will guide thee home,  
To that blest port of endless rest,  
Where storms shall never come.

## 102.

Jesus called on in a storm.—Matthew viii. 24, 25. *And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves : but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us : we perish.*

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest  
is streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning  
is gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to  
cherish,  
We fly to our Maker : " Save, Lord ! or we  
perish."
- 2 O Jesus ! once rock'd on the breast of the  
billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy  
pillow,  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, " Save, Lord ! or  
we perish."
- 3 And, O ! when the whirlwind of passion is  
raging,  
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is  
waging,  
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to  
cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer ; " Save, Lord, or we  
perish."

BISHOP HEBER.

## 103.

The Seamen's hardships and deliverances.—Psal. cvii. 23, 24. *They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.*

- 1 THEY, that toil upon the deep,  
And in vessels light and frail,

O'er the mighty waters sweep  
With the billow and the gale,

2 Mark what wonders God performs  
When he speaks, and, unconfin'd  
Rush to battle all his storms,  
In the chariots of the wind.

3 Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd,  
On the mountain of the wave ;  
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd  
To the abysses of the grave :

4 To and fro they reel,—they roll,  
As intoxicate with wine ;  
Terrors paralyze their soul,  
Helm they quit, and hope resign :

5 Then unto the Lord they cry,  
He inclines a gracious ear,  
Sends deliverance from on high,  
Rescues them from all their fear.

6 Calm and smooth the surges flow,  
And where deadly light'ning ran,  
God's own reconciling bow  
Metes the ocean with a span.

7 O that men would praise the Lord,  
For his goodness to their race—  
For the wonders of his word,  
And the riches of his grace !

MONTGOMERY.

# 104.

The Haven contemplated.—John vi. 20, 21. *But he saith unto them, It is I ; be not afraid. Then they willingly received him into the ship : and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went*

1 WHY those fears ? behold 'tis Jesus  
Holds the helm, and guides the ship :

- Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
 Sent to waft us through the deep,  
 To the regions,  
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Rendered safe by his protection,  
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste:  
 Trusting to his wise direction,  
 We shall gain the port at last;  
 And with wonder,  
 Think on toils and dangers past.
- 3 O! what pleasures there await us!  
 There the tempests cease to roar—  
 There it is that those who hate us  
 Can molest our peace no more.  
 Trouble ceases,  
 On that tranquil, happy shore.

KELLY.

## 105.

Wonders of the deep contemplated.—Isaiah xl. 12. *Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand.*

- 1 LORD of the wide-extended main,  
 Whose power the winds and seas controls,  
 Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,  
 Whose Spirit leads believing souls!
- 2 For Thee we leave our native shore,  
 (We, whom thy love delights to keep)  
 In other worlds thy works explore,  
 And see thy wonders in the deep.
- 3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,  
 Which dark to human eyes appear;  
 While through the mighty waves we pass,  
 Faith only sees that God is here.
- 4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;  
 We own thy way is in the sea,  
 O'erawed by majesty divine,  
 And lost in thy immensity!

- 5 Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore,  
Thine everlasting truth we prove,  
Amazing heights of boundless power,  
Unfathomable depths of love.
- 6 Infinite God, thy greatness spann'd  
These heavens, and metted out the skies ;  
Lo ! in the hollow of thy hand,  
The measured waters sink and rise.
- 7 Thee to perfection who can tell ?  
Earth, and her sons beneath Thee lie,  
Lighter than dust within thy scale,  
And less than nothing in thine eye.
- 8 Yet in thy Son, Divinely great—  
We claim thy providential care :  
Boldly we stand before thy seat,  
Our Advocate hath plac'd us there.

C. WESLEY.

## 106.

Believing Seamen's repose in God.—Psalm xciii. 3, 4.  
*The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice ; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.*

- 1 GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word  
Bids the tempestuous wind arise !  
Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord  
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !
- 2 What though the floods lift up their voice,  
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;  
They cannot damp thy children's joys,  
Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.
- 3 Roar on, ye waves, our souls defy  
Your roaring to disturb our rest !  
In vain t' impair the calm ye try,  
The calm in a believer's breast,

- 4 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,  
 Thou sea, the servant of his will!  
 Rise, while our God permits thee, rise  
 But fall, when He shall say, *Be still!*

C. WESLEY.

## 107.

The Star of Bethlehem.—2 Peter i. 19. *Until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.* Revelations xxii. 16. *I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.*

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky;  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud,—the night was dark,—  
 The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark foreboding cease;  
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd,—my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for ever more,  
 The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE.

## 108.

Thoughts on the Sea Shore.—Psalm xxxvi. 6. *Thy judgments are a great deep.* Isaiah lvii. 20. *The wicked are like the troubled sea.*

- 1 In ev'ry object here, I see  
Something, O Lord ! that leads to thee :  
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,  
Thy mercies countless as the sands,  
Thy love a sea immensely wide,  
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.
- 2 In ev'ry object here, I see  
Something, my heart, that points at thee :  
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,  
Unfruitful as the barren sand,  
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,  
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

COWPER.

109.

Christ a Friend.—Proverbs xviii. 24. *And there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,  
Oh, how he loves!  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Oh, how he loves!  
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,  
One day kind, the next may grieve us,  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,  
Oh, how he loves!
- 2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him?  
Oh, how he loves!  
Give thyself entirely to him,  
Oh, how he loves!  
Think no longer of to-morrow,  
Take his easy yoke and follow,  
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,  
Oh, how he loves!

3 Love this Friend, who longs to save thee,  
Oh, how he loves!  
If thou love, he will not leave thee,  
Oh, how he loves!  
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?  
Unbelief or trials tease thee?  
Jesus can from all release thee,  
Oh, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,  
Oh, how he loves!  
Backward shall thy foes be driven,  
Oh, how he loves!  
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,  
Safe to glory, he will guide thee,  
Oh, how he loves!

## 110.

Christ a sympathizing Friend — Hebrews iv. 15. *For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.*

1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts, and treasures up my tears.

2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray  
From heav'nly virtue's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do;  
Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,  
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe;

- At once betray'd, deny'd, or fled,  
By all that shar'd his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;  
Yet he, who once vouchsaf'd to bear  
The sick'ning anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that *was* a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a *little* while;  
Thou Saviour seest the tears I shed,  
For *thou* didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 6 And Oh! when I have safely past  
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,  
Still, *still* unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed—for *thou* hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

R. GRANT.

## 111.

Christ a Brother.—Proverbs xvii. 17. *A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.*

- 1 WHEN ev'ry scene this side the grave  
Seems dark and cheerless to the eye,  
How sweet, at such a time, to have  
*A brother in adversity!*
- 2 When father, mother, all are gone,  
Dissolv'd affection's dearest tie,  
How sweet to claim, as still our own,  
*A brother in adversity!*
- 3 And who is this, whom still we find,  
Though father, mother, husband, die,  
Faithful and loving, true and kind,  
*A brother in adversity?*

4 Jesus, my Lord, ah ! who can trace  
Thy love unchanging, full, and free,  
Or tell the riches of thy grace,  
Thou *brother in adversity* ?

5 Ye trav'lers in this wilderness,  
Who somewhat of His beauty see,  
For ever, oh ! for ever bless,  
This *brother in adversity* !

## 112.

Christ a Prophet.—Deuteronomy xviii. 8. *They shall have like portions to eat, beside that which cometh of the sale of his patrimony.* John vi. 14. *This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world.*

1 GREAT Prophet of the ransom'd church,  
Command the light to shine;  
For stores of wisdom, let us search  
Thy word—the sacred mine.

2 Jesus, great oracle of truth !  
O may we learn of thee,  
Receive *true wisdom* from thy mouth,  
And live from error free.

3 Of future things, content to know  
As much as thou hast taught ;  
Not idly curious, here below,  
In things that profit not.

4 One great event by thee foretold,  
Teach us to keep in view—  
Thy coming !—when we shall behold,  
And share thy glory too.

5 Till then, let all thy people here  
Walk with increasing light ;  
And, when thy glory shall appear,  
Welcome the joyful sight.

## 113.

Christ a Priest.—Hebrews vii. 24, 25. *But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.*

- 1 SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest, *a*  
 Within the veil appear,  
 In robes of mystic meaning drest,  
 Presenting Isr'el's pray'r.
- 2 The plate of gold, which crowns his brows, *b*  
 His holiness describes :  
 His breast displays, in shining rows, *c*  
 The names of all the tribes.
- 3 With the atoning blood he stands *d*  
 Before the mercy-seat ;  
 And clouds of incense from his hands  
 Arise, with odour sweet.
- 4 Urim and Thummim, near his heart *e*  
 In rich engravings worn,  
 The sacred light of truth, impart  
 To teach and to adorn.
- 5 Through him the eye of faith describes *f*  
 A greater Priest than he :  
 Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,  
 For sinners lost like me.
- 6 He bears the names of all his saints  
 Deep on his heart engrav'd ;  
 Attentive to the state and wants  
 Of all his love hath sav'd.
- 7 In him a holiness complete,  
 Light and perfection shine ;  
 And wisdom, grace, and glory meet—  
 A Saviour all divine.

*a* See Exod. xxviii. 2—14.

*c* Exod. xxviii. 15—29.

*e* Exod. xxviii. 30.

*b* Exod. xxviii. 6, 36—38.

*d* Lev. xvi. 11—14.

*f* Heb. vii, viii, ix.

8 The blood, which, as a priest, he bears  
 For sinners, is his own :  
 The incense of his pray'rs and tears,  
 Perfumes the holy throne.

9 He ever lives to intercede  
 Before the Father's face ;  
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
 And hope for pard'ning grace.

NEWTON.

# 114.

*Christ represents us in Heaven.—Hebrews ix. 24. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true ; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.*

1 WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,  
 The house of God not made with hands,  
 A great high priest our nature wears,  
 The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men their surety stood,  
 And pour'd on earth his precious blood,  
 Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,  
 The Saviour—and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,  
 He bends on earth a brother's eye ;  
 Partaker of the human name,  
 He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains  
 A fellow-feeling of our pains ;  
 And still remembers in the skies  
 His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
 The man of sorrows had a part ;  
 He sympathises with our grief,  
 And to the suff'rer sends relief.

- 6 With freedom therefore at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aids of heav'nly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

## 115.

Christ a King will reign universally.—Psalm lxxii. 8. *He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun  
His vast successive course shall run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall ceaseless pray'r be made,  
And endless praises crown his head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With ev'ry ev'ning sacrifice.
- 3 People, and realms of ev'ry tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains—  
The weary find eternal rest—  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In him the fallen race can boast  
More blessings gain'd than e'er were lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry nation join to sing  
The grace and glory of our King ;  
Angels, rejoice with songs again,  
And earth resound the glad Amen !

WATTS.

## XVII. GOSPEL INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.



## 116.

To the weary and heavy laden.—Matthew 'xi. 28, 29.  
*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,  
 and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and  
 learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye  
 shall find rest unto your souls.*

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,  
 Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;  
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
 And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,  
 O come, and spread your woes abroad ;  
 Divine compassion, mighty love,  
 Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
 To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes—  
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace—  
 How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
 The hope thy gracious words impart ;  
 We come—believing, we rejoice,  
 And bless the *kind* inviting voice.
- 5 Blest Saviour ! let thy pow'rful love  
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
 And *sweetly* influence ev'ry breast,  
 And guide us to *eternal* rest.

MRS. STEELE.

## 117.

To the Wanderer.—Hosea xiv. 1, 2. *O Israel, return unto  
 the Lord thy God ; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.  
 Take with you words, and turn to the Lord.*

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
 And seek an injur'd Father's face ;

Those warm desires that in thee burn,  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;  
He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,  
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

W. B. COLLYER.

## 118.

To Sinners.—Ezekiel xxxiii. 11. *As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?*

- 1 SINNERS, turn, *why will ye die?*  
God, the FATHER, asks you why?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you, with himself to live;  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands,  
“Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye scorn my love, and die?”
- 2 Sinners, turn, *why will ye die?*  
God, the SAVIOUR, asks you why?  
He, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself, that ye might live.  
Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye thoughtless sinners, why  
Will you slight his grace, and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn, *why will ye die?*  
 God, the SPIRIT, asks you why?  
 He, who strives your hearts to win  
 From the love and pow'r of sin.  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long sought sinners, why  
 Will you grieve your God, and die?
- 4 Dead in spirit—dead within,  
 Dead in trespasses and sin,  
 Dead to God—though here you breathe,  
 Will you die the second death?  
 Will you still in sin remain,  
 Heedless of eternal pain?  
 O ye dying sinners, why,  
 “*Why will ye for ever die?*”

WESLEY.

## 119.

To all.—Isaiah lv. 1. *Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money : come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.*

- 1 Ho ! ye that thirst, approach the spring  
 Where living waters flow ;  
 Free, to that sacred fountain, all  
 Without a price may go.
- 2 How long, to streams of false delight,  
 Will ye in crowds repair ?  
 How long, your strength and substance, waste  
 On trifles light as air ?
- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies  
 That health and pleasure give ;  
 Incline your ear, and come to me,  
 The soul that hears shall live.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear  
 Is open to your call ;

While offer'd mercy still is near,  
Before his footstool fall.

- 5 Let sinners quit their evil ways,  
Their evil thoughts forego ;  
And God, when they to him return,  
Returning grace will show.
- 6 He pardons with o'erflowing love ;  
For hear the voice divine :  
My nature is not like to yours,  
Nor like your ways are mine :
- 7 But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs  
Beyond earth's spot extend,  
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,  
Your ways and thoughts transcend.

LOGAN.

## 120.

Christ waiting admission into our hearts.—Revelation iii. 20. *Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.*

- 1 BEHOLD, a stranger at the door,  
He gently knocks—has knock'd before ;  
Has waited long—is waiting still,  
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed ?  
He will—the very friend you need ;  
The man of Nazareth—'tis He,  
With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 O lovely attitude ! he stands  
With melting heart, and open hands ;  
O matchless kindness ! and he shews  
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
Turn out His enemy and thine ;  
Turn out that hateful monster Sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.

- 5 If thou art poor—and *poor thou art*,  
Lo, he hath riches to impart!  
Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls,  
Oh, nobler far—the wealth of souls.
- 6 Thou'rt blind—he'll take the scales away,  
And let in everlasting day;  
Naked thou art—but he shall dress  
Thy blushing soul in righteousness.
- 7 Art thou a weeper? grief shall fly!  
For who can weep with Jesus by?  
No terror shall thy soul annoy;  
No tear, except the tear of joy.
- 8 Admit him—ere his anger burn,  
Lest he depart, and ne'er return;  
Admit him—or the hour's at hand,  
When at his door denied you stand.
- 9 Admit him—for the human breast  
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;  
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,  
With whom he condescends to dwell.
- 10 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,  
Where Jesus comes, he comes to *reign*;  
To reign—and with no partial sway—  
Thoughts must be slain that *disobey*.
- 11 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!  
O may thy gentle reign increase!  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
And be his empire *all mankind*.

## 121.

The Spirit and the Church repeat the invitations.—Rev. xxii. 17. *And the Spirit and the bride, say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*

- 1 HATH the invitation ended?  
Is the voice of mercy dumb?

Still the message is extended ;  
 Still the call is—" *Freely come !*"  
 Still with sinners Jesus pleadeth  
 In compassion's *gentlest* tones ;  
 Still the Spirit intercedeth,  
 With unutterable groans.

2 Still the Bride, the Church—would gather  
 Every wanderer to her fold ;  
 Still the Everlasting Father  
 Would, with love, each child behold ;  
 Still the fount is freely flowing,  
 Christ hath open'd to redeem ;  
 Endless life on all bestowing,  
 Who partake its living stream.

3 Then, let each who truly thirsteth,  
 Freely to that fount repair ;  
 And—while yet its tide outbursteth,  
 Drink and grow immortal there !  
 While by him whose ear is greeted  
 With the gospel's joyful sound,  
 Be a Saviour's name repeated,  
 Till it *circle earth around !*

BERNARD BARTON.

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XVIII. THE HOLY SPIRIT AND HIS NECESSARY  
 INFLUENCES.

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122.

The Holy Spirit an Almighty Teacher.—1 Corinthians ii. 10. *But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit : for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.*

No other teacher knows the mind of Christ,  
 Nor can his mind communicate, like HIM  
 Who is with CHRIST and with his FATHER ONE.  
 This is the Spirit who of old came down  
 On wings of love, and taught the patriarchs first  
 To walk with God on earth, and wait for heaven.

This is the Spirit which by Moses spake,  
 And all succeeding prophets down to John,  
 Who came, Elijah like, alone from God;  
 Like him reprov'd a nation or a king  
 With equal courage; and aloud proclaim'd  
 His coming Lord the *enemy of sin*.  
 From HIM the bless'd apostles caught that flame  
 Of zeal and love for the Redeemer's cause,  
 Which bore them up, superior to the frowns  
 Of angry nations, or opposing kings.  
 The glory of that memorable day,  
 Call'd Pentecost, was of this Spirit's power  
 A manifest display; and since that day  
 The saints, in every age and every place,  
 Have, by His mighty influence on their hearts,  
 Aspir'd to glory, and disdain'd the world.  
 No mortal eye has seen, no ear has heard,  
 Nor heart of man conceiv'd, what wondrous  
 things

God has prepar'd for those that love his name.  
 But this Almighty Spirit makes them known  
 To all the heirs of promise. He unfolds  
 The deepest mysteries of grace and truth,  
 Which from the world's foundation have been hid  
 In the Lamb's book of life; which *none* can read  
 Till he unseals it, and within their hearts  
 Transcribes from thence their highly favour'd  
 names.

This secret of the Lord is with his saints,  
 And only with them, as by HIM reveal'd,  
 Who makes them saints by his ALMIGHTY grace.

SWAINE.

## 123.

Spiritual life desired.—John vi. 63. *It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Alas! while lab'ring here below,  
Engross'd with earthly toys;  
Our souls how heavily they go  
Towards eternal joys.
- 3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever be  
In such a lifeless state?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

WATTS.

## 124.

Consolations of the Spirit.—John xiv. 16—18. *And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.*

- 1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;  
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,  
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend;  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations  
God can give, or we implore;  
Having thy sweet consolations,  
We need wish for nothing more.
- 4 Author of the new creation,  
On our souls thy graces shower;

124 THE HOLY SPIRIT AND HIS INFLUENCES.

Make our hearts thy habitation,  
Come with unction, and with power.

5 Known to Thee, are all recesses  
Of the earth, and spreading skies;  
Every sand the shore possesses,  
Thy Omniscient mind describes.

6 Manifest thy love for ever,  
Fence us in on every side;  
In distress, be our reliever,  
Guard and teach, support and guide.

TOPLADY.

125.

The Spirit helps us in prayer.—Romans viii. 26. *Like-wise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities : for we know not what we should pray for as we ought : but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.*

1 INTERCESSOR thron'd on high,  
Unto men thine aid supply;  
By thy influence still prepare  
Humble hearts for *holy prayer*.  
Dove-like from on high descend,  
With our thoughts and feelings blend,  
And the shadow of thy wing  
O'er our suppliant spirits fling.

2 Lend to our infirmities  
Living help, which grace supplies;  
Thou, alone, canst teach alway  
What to *pray for*—*how to pray* :  
Nor *alone instruct* us how  
At the throne of grace to bow ;  
Far beyond our fervent prayer,  
Be *thyself* our Pleader *there*.

3 Thy blest ministry fulfil,  
Prove our Intercessor still ;  
Thy unutterable groans  
Far transcend all mortal tones.

Where *our* thoughts *amiss* would plead,  
 For their errors *intercede* ;  
 And, where *words* of *ours* are *vain*,  
 May *thy* groans *acceptance* gain.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 126.

Regeneration.—John i. 13. *Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.* John iii. 5 *Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.*

BORN from above, and up to glory bound,  
 When once the soul, *restor'd* by sovereign grace,  
 Begins to live anew, these signs appear :—  
 The man that *was*, is *now* no longer deaf  
 To sweet redemption's heart-reviving sound ;  
 The man that *was*, is *now* no longer blind  
 To the Redeemer's beauties ; *now* no more  
 Asham'd of those that follow him on earth,  
 Though by the world esteem'd as base.  
*Old things are pass'd away*—all things to him *a*  
 As new created seem ; he sees himself  
 Another creature than he once appear'd ;  
 New hopes, new fears, new sorrows, and new  
                   joys,  
 Expand, depress, and warm his heart by turns.  
 Deliver'd from the *reigning* pow'r of sin,  
 With sin he goes to war, and *hopes at length*,  
 Though weaker than his potent enemy,  
 By strength *deriv'd* from his almighty Lord,  
 A *full* and final *conquest* to obtain :  
 Yet, as this foe dwells in him, oft he feels *b*  
 Sharp contest in his soul, and sometimes fears  
 He may, by sin, be overcome at last.  
 But, when such fears no longer cloud his mind,  
 When love divine looks through the threat'ning  
                   storm,

And to his lab'ring conscience *whispers peace* ;

*a* 2 Cor. v. 17.

*b* Gal. v. 17. Rom. vii. 15—25.

His eyes on Calvary fix'd, and streaming down  
 With sorrow for the sins that pierc'd his Lord—  
 His Lord who died that he might ever live ;  
 His melting heart with grateful zeal inquires,  
 What he shall do to manifest his love  
 To him who thus has lov'd him ; what to praise  
 The grace that pluck'd him as a brand from  
 hell?

He feels *he can do nothing* ; but looks up  
 To him who first releas'd him, to *incline*  
 To *sweet obedience* all his ransom'd powers,  
 And carry on the work Himself began,  
 Till *grace* is crown'd with *glory* ; till his heart,  
 From *sin* set free, and all his foes destroy'd,  
 He stands a conqu'ror on that *happy shore*,  
 Where *sin and sorrow* never can approach.

SWAINE.

## 127.

Prayer for a new heart.—Psalm li. 10. *Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.*  
 Ezekiel xi. 9. *And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you ; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh.*

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free !  
 A heart that always feels the blood  
 So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
 My dear Redeemer's throne ;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean ;  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From him that reigns within,

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

C. WESLEY.

## 128.

Repentance and confession.—Psalm li. 1, 2, 3. *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.*

1 FROM sin's dark depths, my God, to thee,  
I pour in tears my falt'ring pray'r:  
Oh hear my cry of agony!  
Oh save me, save me from despair!

2 For if thy justice should pursue  
Whate'er of guilt thine eye hath known,  
Oh, who could bear the piercing view,  
Or stand before thine awful throne?

3 But thou canst burst the twofold chain,  
That binds me still to sin and woe;  
And thou canst cleanse the earthly stain,  
That tells my fall before my foe.

4 O free me! cleanse me! bid me live!  
And bondage, guilt, and death remove!  
And while I tremble still forgive;  
For thou art mercy—*thou art love.*

5 Then by that mercy reconcil'd,  
Boundless, unmerited, and free,  
Saviour! *receive me as a child:*  
My life, my hope, my all's in Thee.

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

## 129.

The Penitent received and rejoiced in.—Luke xv. 10.  
*Likewise, I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*

- 1 Who can describe the joys that rise  
 Thro' all the courts of Paradise,  
 To see a prodigal return,  
 To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
 The fruit of his eternal love;  
 The Son with joy looks down and sees  
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
 The holy soul he form'd anew;  
 And saints and angels join to sing  
 The growing empire of their King.

WATTS.

## 130.

Forgiveness.—Micah vii. 18. *Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.*

- 1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways  
 Are matchless, God-like, and divine;  
 But the fair glories of thy grace  
 More God-like and unrivall'd shine:  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
 Such guilty daring worms to spare;  
 This is thy grand prerogative,  
 And none can in the honour share:  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy  
We take the pardon of our God ;  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye ;  
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood :  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
This God-like miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all th' angelic choirs above :  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

# 131.

The blessedness of experiencing forgiveness.—Psalm xxxii. 1, 2. *Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.*

- 1 TREMBLING before thine awful throne,  
O Lord ! in dust my sins I own,  
Justice, and Mercy, for my life  
Contend—Oh, smile and heal the strife !
- 2 The Saviour smiles ! o'er my blest soul,  
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—  
His voice proclaims my pardon found,  
Seraphic transport wings the sound.
- 3 Earth has a joy unknown in Heaven,  
The new-born *peace* of sin forgiven !  
Tears of such *pure*, and *deep* delight,  
Ye angels ! never dimm'd *your* sight !
- 4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise,  
The beauteous pillars of the skies ;—  
Ye know where morn exulting springs,  
And ev'ning folds her drooping wings.

- 5 Bright heralds of th' Eternal will,  
Abroad his errands ye fulfil:  
Or, thron'd in floods of glorious day,  
Symphonious in his presence play.
- 6 Loud is the song—the heavenly plain  
Is shaken with the choral strain,  
And dying echoes floating far,  
Draw music from each chiming star.
- 7 But I amid your choirs shall shine,  
And all *your* knowledge shall be *mine*;  
Ye, on your harps, must lean to hear  
A *secret chord* that *mine* will bear.

MR. HILLHOUSE.

## 132.

Salvation is by Grace.—Zechariah iv. 7. *And he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace, unto it.* Ephesians ii. 8. *By grace are ye saved.*

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the soul:  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And earth, from pole to pole.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man;  
Grace, from its dawn to perfect day,  
Unfolds the glorious plan.
- 3 Grace, all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days,  
Shall lay in heav'n the topmost stone,  
And Grace shall have the praise.
- 4 O let thy Grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine!  
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,  
And all my days be thine!

DODDRIDGE.

133.

Faith receives the blessings of Grace.—Acts xvi. 30, 31. *What must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Romans v. 1. *Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

- 1 THE sinner that *truly believes*,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His justification receives—  
Redemption *in full* through his blood:  
Though thousands and thousands of foes  
Against him in malice unite,  
Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose,  
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The Faith that unites to the Lamb,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere notion or name;  
The work of God's Spirit it is;  
A principle active and young,  
That lives under pressure and load,  
That makes out of weakness more strong,  
And draws the soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the world, and on hell;  
It vanquishes Death and Despair,  
And, (what still is stranger to tell,)  
It overcomes Heaven by pray'r;  
Permits a vile worm of the dust  
With God to *commune as a friend*,  
To hope His forgiveness as just,  
And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"  
That stand betwixt God and the soul,  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
And makes their sore consciences whole—

Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
 Be spotless as snow, and as white;  
 And makes such a sinner as I  
 As pure as an Angel of light.

HARTE.

## XIX. BELIEVERS' PRIVILEGES.



## 134.

Justification by Faith in Christ's blood.—Zechariah xiii.

1. *In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its pow'r,  
 Till all the ransom'd church of God,  
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
 (Unworthy tho' I be,)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,  
 A golden harp for me!

- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,  
 And form'd by pow'r divine,  
 To sound in God the Father's ears  
 No other name but thine.

COWPER.

## 135.

Justification by Faith in Christ's righteousness.—Phil.  
 iii. 9. *And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.*

- 1 JESUS, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!  
 My beauty is, my glorious dress!  
 'Midst flaming worlds in this array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
 To claim my mansion in the skies,  
 Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,  
 "Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;  
 For who ought to my charge shall lay,  
 If through thy blood absolv'd I am,  
 From sin's tremendous guilt and shame?
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
 Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim,  
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,  
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years;  
 No age can change its glorious hue,  
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 And when the dead shall hear thy voice,  
 Thy banish'd children shall rejoice;  
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
 JESUS, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!

## 136.

Adoption.—Romans viii. 15. *For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear ; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.*

- 1 How happy are the new-born race,  
Partakers of adopting grace ;  
How pure the bliss they share !  
Hid from the world and all its eyes,  
Within *their heart* the blessing lies,  
And conscience *feels it there*.
- 2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours ;  
And, *if we love*, with all our pow'rs  
The God from whom it came ;  
And, *if we serve*, with hearts sincere,  
'Tis still discernible and clear,  
An undisputed claim.
- 3 But oh ! if foul and wilful sin  
Stain and dishonour us within,  
Farewell the joy we knew !  
Again the slaves of nature's sway,  
In lab'rins of our own we stray,  
Without a guide or clue.
- 4 The chaste and pure, who *fear to grieve*  
The gracious Spirit they receive,  
This work *distinctly trace* ;  
And strong in undissembling love,  
Boldly assert, and clearly prove,  
Their hearts his dwelling place.

MADAME DE GUION.

## 137.

The Believer's comfort in a sense of adoption.—1 John iii. 1. *Behold ! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God ! therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.*

- 1 My God, my Father, blissful name,  
O may I call thee mine ;

- May I, with *sweet assurance*, claim  
A portion so divine.
- 2 This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly;  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my FATHER's eye.
- 3 Whate'er thy Providence denies,  
I calmly would resign;  
For thou art just, and good, and wise,  
Oh bend *my will to thine*.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,  
Oh give me *strength to bear*;  
Oh let me know my Father *reigns*,  
And *trust* his tender care.
- 5 If pain and sorrow rend this frame,  
And life almost depart,  
Is not thy mercy *still the same*,  
'To cheer my drooping heart?
- 6 Thy sov'reign ways are all unknown,  
To my weak erring sight;  
Yet let my soul adoring own,  
That *all thy ways are right*!

## 138.

Believers are quickened from the Death in Sin.—Ephes. ii. 1. *And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.* John xi 44. *And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.*

- 1 ARE there not those who, as in graves have  
lain,  
Dead to the life which Thou *alone* canst give,  
Until thy Spirit has recall'd again  
Their souls, as from the dead, and bade them  
*live*?
- 2 Thy voice hath been obey'd: obeyed so far,  
That vital consciousness hath own'd thy will;

But much remains thy triumph yet to mar,  
And death's enthrallments—keep us pris'ners  
still.

3 Our grave clothes cling around us; we are  
bound,  
And blinded by the trappings worn so long;  
Thy word once more must speak, and by its  
sound,  
Render the quicken'd, but still helpless strong.

4 Let not thy glorious work be incomplete;  
Thyself our perfect resurrection show,  
And deign the gracious mandate to repeat,  
Which then pronounced, "Loose him and let  
him go!"

BERNARD BARTON.

### 139.

Sanctification—1 Thessalonians v. 23. *And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Hebrews xii 14. *Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.* Isaiah xxxv. 8. *And it shall be called The way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it.*

1 PRINCE of Peace! Thou God of Love!  
Fit me for thy courts above;  
Sanctify and fill my soul,  
Keep me blameless in the whole:  
Thou my "one thing needful" be;—  
Let me ever follow thee;—  
Let me choose the "better part;"—  
Let me give thee *all* my heart.

2 If I now thy love partake,  
Let me not that love forsake;  
Let me never leave the way  
Leading to eternal day.  
Holiness—that way is call'd,  
None who "walk there" are appall'd,

Weak and wav'ring though they be,—  
For their strength is found in thee.

- 3 Souls unclean shall find it not,—  
Theirs a dark and dreary lot:—  
Without holiness 'tis sure,  
None can see a God so pure.  
Prince of Peace! Thou God of Love!  
Fit me for thy courts above:  
Sanctify and fill my soul,  
Keep me blameless in the whole.

## 140.

*Desiring Holiness.—Romans vi. 22. But now, being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.*

- 1 HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth,  
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;  
Yet, pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,  
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But, though the poison lurks within,  
Hope bids me still with patience wait;  
Till death shall set me free from sin,  
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,  
Where angels and archangels dwell;  
*One sin*, unslain within my breast,  
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
- 4 The prisoner, sent to breathe fresh air,  
And, bless'd with liberty again,  
Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear  
One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,  
When glory crowns the Christian's head;  
One view of Jesus as he is,  
Will strike *all sin for ever dead.*

## 141.

Christian Purity.—Matthew v. 8. *Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.* Titus i. 15. *Unto the pure all things are pure.*

- 1 OH, for that *purity of heart !*  
The gospel *only* can impart,  
To those who gratefully receive  
Its teachings, and its word believe.
- 2 This is the purity whose pow'r,  
In dark temptation's trying hour,  
Can still unchangeably endure,  
And, *pure itself*, make *all things pure*.
- 3 Stainless appears the mountain snow,  
Transparent seems the brook below :  
Taintless the op'ning flow'r,—the dew  
Which gems it—as unsullied too.
- 4 But rains soon dim the mountain hoar,  
The troubled stream runs clear no more—  
The flow'ret in the dust is soil'd—  
The dew-drop by the sun despoil'd.
- 5 Yet mountain snows, and chrystal streams,  
And flowers which ope to morn's bright beams;  
And dew-drops—which those sunbeams dry,  
Are types of *nature's purity*.
- 6 While that which God *alone* can give,  
Life's shifting changes shall outlive;  
And give "*the pure in heart*," through grace,  
To see their Maker "*face to face !*"

BERNARD BARTON.

## 142.

Joy in believing.—1 Peter i. 8. *Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.*

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil ;

All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.

- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known ;  
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
Are found, and *there alone*.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
To know that *God is mine*,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy  
And sanctify the mind ;  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,  
But if you are the Lord's,  
Resign to them that know him not,  
Such joys as earth affords.

NEWTON.

### 143.

Peace in believing.—John xiv. 27. *Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you.*

- 1 THOSE who *live in love*, shall know  
This indwelling *quiet joy*,  
Which the world can ne'er bestow,  
Nor its sorrows e'er destroy ;  
Peace which passeth understanding :—  
Peace of God's divine commanding.
- 2 Earthly hopes but *bloom to fade* ;  
Earthly pleasures turn to pain ;  
These, when in the balance weigh'd,  
Lighter than its dust remain ;

And the peace that earth affordeth,  
Worthless is to him who hoardeth.

- 3 But the Peace which God can give,  
Heart and mind preserveth still;  
Teaching in his love to live,  
Trust his word and do his will;  
From above this peace descendeth,—  
Towards its source it ever tendeth.

- 4 You who would this treasure share,  
To the Saviour humbly go;  
Crave of Him, in rev'rent prayer,  
What He *only* can bestow.  
Christ, who humble prayer rewardeth,  
To his own this Peace accordeth.

BERNARD BARTON.

# 144.

Rejoicing in God.—Romans xv. 13. *Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.*

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,  
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, *I am his!*
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through ev'ry foe;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
 Should bear me conqueror through.

WATTS.

## 145.

Happiness vainly sought in the world.—Romans viii. 6.  
*For to be carnally minded is death ; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.*

- 1 No longer I follow a sound,  
 No longer a dream I pursue;  
 O happiness, not to be found!  
 Unattainable treasure, adieu!
- 2 I have sought thee in splendour and dress,  
 In the regions of pleasure and taste;  
 I have sought thee, and *seem'd* to possess,  
 But have prov'd thee a *vision at last*.
- 3 An humble ambition and hope,  
 The voice of true wisdom inspires;  
 'Tis sufficient, if *peace* be the scope,  
 And the summit of all our desires.
- 4 Peace may be the lot of the mind  
 That seeks it in *meekness* and *love*,  
 But rapture and bliss are confined  
 To the glorified spirits above.

COWPER.

## 146.

Happiness found in Christ.—Psalm xxxvii. 4. *Delight thyself also in the Lord ; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*

- 1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,  
 Where's thy seat? O tell me where!  
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
 All cry out, " It is not here:"

- Not the wisdom of the wise  
 Can inform me where it lies ;  
 Not the grandeur of the great  
 Can the bliss I seek create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,  
 Jesus, crucify'd for me !  
 All to happiness aspire,  
 Only to be found in thee :  
 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,  
 Constitute our bliss below ;  
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,  
 Constitute our bliss above.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,  
 If *thy presence* thou deny ;  
 Lord, if thou *thy presence* give,  
 'Tis no longer death to die :  
 Source and giver of repose,  
 Singly from thy smile it flows ;  
 Peace and happiness are thine,  
*Mine they are, if thou art mine.*
- 4 Whilst I see thy love to me,  
 Ev'ry object teems with joy ;  
 Here, O may I walk with thee,  
 Then into thy presence die !  
 Let me but thyself possess,  
 Total sum of happiness !  
 Real bliss I *then shall prove* ;  
 Heav'n below, and Heav'n above.

TOPLADY.

## 147.

Contentment.—Philippians iv. 11. *I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.*

- 1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind  
 As tempests vex the sea ;  
 But calm content and peace we find,  
 When, Lord, we turn to thee.

- 2 In vain by reason and by rule,  
We try to bend the will ;  
For none, but in the Saviour's school,  
Can learn the heavenly skill.
- 3 Since, at his feet, my soul has sat  
His gracious words to hear,  
Contented with my present state,  
I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ? " he said ;  
" Then how canst thou complain ;  
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd  
With *everlasting pain*.
- 5 If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cur'd,  
Compare *thy* griefs with *mine* ;  
Think what *my love* for thee *endur'd*,  
And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,  
And I do all things well ;  
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,  
And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 In life my grace shall strength supply,  
Proportion'd to thy day ;  
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,  
To wipe thy tears away."
- 8 Thus I, who once my wretched days  
In vain repining spent ;  
Taught in my Saviour's *school of grace*,  
Have *learn'd* to be content.

COWPER.

## 148.

Christians are children of light.—1 John i. 7. *But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.* Ephesians v. 8. *For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord : walk as children of light.*

- 1 WALK in the light !—So shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love,

His Spirit only can bestow,  
 Who reigns in light above.  
 Walk in the light!—and sin, abhorr'd,  
 Shall ne'er defile again;  
 The blood of Jesus Christ, thy Lord,  
 Shall cleanse from ev'ry stain.

2 Walk in the light!—and thou shalt find  
 Thy heart made truly *His*,  
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
 In whom *no darkness* is.  
 Walk in the light!—and thou shalt own  
 Thy darkness pass'd away,  
 Because *that light* hath on thee shone  
 In which is *perfect day*.

3 Walk in the light!—and e'en the tomb  
 No fearful shade shall wear;  
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
 For Christ hath conquer'd there!  
 Walk in the light!—and thine shall be  
 A path, though thorny, bright;  
 For God, *by grace* shall dwell in Thee,  
 And God himself is Light!

BERNARD BARTON.

## 149.

Christian Liberty.—2 Corinthians iii. 17. *Now the Lord is that spirit: and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty* John viii. 32. *And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.*

1 SEEK'ST thou freedom, far more glorious  
 Than the hero ever found,  
 When in battle-field victorious,  
 His the brow with laurel crown'd?  
 Know a Spirit ever nigh thee,  
 If His aid thou meekly crave;  
 With that freedom would supply thee,  
 Which *no bondage* can enslave.

- 2 Christ that Spirit still remaineth ;  
 Liberty, which He would give, a  
 Earthly thralldom ne'er enchaineth,  
 For in dungeons it can live.  
 Where His Spirit dwells—no token  
 Of earth's bondage can appal ;  
 Doors are open'd, chains are broken,—b  
 Overthrown the prison wall :—
- 3 *These* may in the world's opinion,  
 Slavery's bitter doom fulfil ;  
 Christians through their Lord's dominion,  
 Claim a glorious freedom still.  
 FREEDOM from each *fatal* error,  
 FREEDOM found and *felt* within,  
 FREEDOM from the *grave's* dark terror ;  
 FREEDOM from the YOKE OF SIN.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 150.

Communion with God — Ephesians iii. 17, 18, 19. *That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith ; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love,—May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height ; And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.*

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,  
 I see from far thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose :  
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?  
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there !  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in thee.

a Isaiah xlii. 7. and lxi. 1.

b Acts xii. 1—19.

- 3 O God, thy sov'reign aid impart  
 To save me from low-thoughted care,  
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
 Through all its hidden mazes there :  
 Make me thy duteous child, that I  
 Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call :  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 " I am thy love, thy God, thy all !"  
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,  
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

C. WESLEY.

## 151.

Longing for Communion with God.—Job xxix. 2, 3, 4.  
*Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when  
 God preserved me ; When his candle shined upon my  
 head, and when by his light I walked through darkness ;  
 As I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God  
 was upon my tabernacle.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !  
 How sweet their mem'ry still !  
 But now I find an aching void  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove ! return  
 Sweet messenger of rest !  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

## 152.

The Christian's Joy in Communion with Christ.—2 Cor. v. 14, 15. *For the love of Christ constraineth us ; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead : And that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.*

CHRIST is in *all* his thoughts : with him he walks  
 The live-long day ; and when he lays him down,  
 Entreats his watchful presence through the  
 night ;

Sleeps sweetly on the pillow of his peace,  
 And, waking, seeks communion with his Lord,  
 As his best portion through the opening day.  
 Christ is his Morning Star, and Christ his Sun,  
 His day begins when he begins to smile,  
 His night when Jesus frowns. Of him he talks  
 With sacred rapture ; while his dying love  
 (Shed richly by the Spirit on his heart)

Constrains his tongue to speak with heart-felt  
 sighs,

When he the vacuum of his absence feels.  
 So large a room has Jesus in his heart,  
 That none beside can fill it ; none beside  
 Can raise a spark of *true* enjoyment there.  
 No hand can bless *like his*, that bliss creates,  
 No lord can rule like him that rules by love ;  
 No king can govern like the king that sways  
 A righteous sceptre o'er a conquer'd heart.  
 He gives *indeed*, that gives away *himself* !

How great the gift, then, when the Lord of bliss  
Himself bestows, the creature's bliss to crown!  
That gift *bestow'd* the giver must be *dear*;  
That gift *receiv'd*, the giver must be *lov'd*;  
And love alone can make *obedience sweet*.

SWAINE.

## 153.

Communion of Saints.—Acts ii. 42. *And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.* Acts iv. 32. *And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul.*

- 1 BLESS'D be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent pray'rs;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 4 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see that day.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

## 154.

Christian Love and Sympathy.—John xiii. 35. *By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.* Romans xii. 15. *Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.*

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,

- In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word !
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart !
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes fix above ;  
May each his brother's failing hide,  
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow ;  
And union sweet, and fond esteem,  
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above ;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

## 155.

Christians Meeting.—Acts x. 33. *Thou hast well done that thou art come.*

- 1 BELOV'D in Christ ! for his name's sake  
A hearty welcome here receive ;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which he alone can give.
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 May we forget each worldly theme,  
And let our hearts to Heav'n ascend,  
While we together speak of him  
Who died to be the sinner's friend.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did, and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below ;

The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.

- 5 And, as the minutes pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore :  
And long for that more glorious day,  
When saints shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

## 156.

Christians Parting.—Acts xx. 36, 38. *And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they accompanied him unto the ship.* Acts xviii. 21. *Farewell : but I will return again unto you, if God will.*

- 1 For a season call'd to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.  
As the sun's enlivening eye  
Shines on ev'ry place the same :  
So the Lord is always nigh  
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,  
He is with them by the way ;  
He is ever with them all,  
Those who go, and those who stay.  
From his holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine ;  
Still in spirit they may meet,  
And in sweet communion join.
- 3 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.  
In thy strength may we be strong,  
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain ;  
Give us, if we live, ere long  
Here to meet in peace again.

NEWTON.

## 157.

Progressive growth in Grace.—Mark iv. 28. *First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.*  
 2 Peter iii. 18. *But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

- 1 Who can at once deliverance gain  
 From all that has enslav'd, entic'd?  
 Or hope, abruptly to obtain  
 The stature of a man in Christ?  
 Faith must anoint the eye to see;  
 Love the awaken'd heart must warm,  
 Grace must from sin's dominion free;  
 And growth in grace the saint must form.
- 2 For by degrees the work of God  
 Is in the *heart* of man reveal'd;—  
*There*, first, conviction's chast'ning rod  
 That desert makes a fruitful field.  
 Prepar'd for culture from on high,  
*There* grace divine the seed must sow;  
 And *there* uprising to the eye,  
 The blade must first its greenness show.
- 3 *That blade*, which, warm'd by light and love,  
 Water'd by dews of reverent fear,  
 Aspiring to its source above,  
 Shall bear the yet unripen'd ear.  
 And, lastly, must the ear, matur'd,  
 The fulness of its corn possess,  
 Ere in the garner safe secur'd;  
 The husbandman his toil may bless.

BERNARD BARTON.

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 XX. PRAYER.

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 158.

The nature of Prayer.—Acts ix. 11. *And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth.*

- 1 PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Utter'd or unexpress'd;

- The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Pray'r, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heav'n with pray'r.
- 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold he prays ;"
- 6 The saints in pray'r appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind ;  
While with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor pray'r is made on earth alone ;  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus on th' eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way !  
The path of pray'r Thyself hast trod,  
Lord, teach us how to pray !

MONTGOMERY.

## 159.

Benefit of Prayer.—Philippians iv. 6. *Be careful for nothing : but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.*

- 1 Thessalonians v. 17. *Pray without ceasing.*
- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat !

Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,  
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight,  
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Isr'el's side;  
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were *half* the breath thus *vainly* spent,  
To heav'n in supplication sent;  
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

COWPER.

## 160.

Approaching God with confidence through Christ.—Heb. iv. 16. *Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.*

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers pray'r;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By wars without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, "Thou hast died!"
- 5 O wondrous Love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.

NEWTON.

## 161.

*Retired Prayer.—Matthew xiv. 23. And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and, when the evening was come, he was there alone. Mark i. 35. And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With pray'r and praise agree,  
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,  
 Sweet source of life divine,  
 And,—All harmonious names in one,—  
 My Saviour, *thou art mine!*
- 6 What thanks I owe thee! and what love!  
 A boundless, endless store,  
 Shall echo through the realms above,  
 When time shall be no more.

COWPER.

## 162.

Social Prayer.—Matthew xviii. 19, 20. *Again, I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.*

- 1 “WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
 Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,  
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
 And offer solemn pray'r and praise ;
- 2 There,” says the Saviour, “ will I be,  
 Amid this little company ;  
 To them unveil my gracious face,  
 And shed my glories round the place.”
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,  
 Relying on thy faithful word :  
 Now send thy Spirit from above,  
 Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

## 163.

Pleading for Christ's sake.—Daniel ix. 18, 19. *For we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses, but for thy great mercies. O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord hearken and do; for thine own sake, O my God.*

- 1 By thy birth and early years,  
 By thy human griefs and fears ;  
 By thy fasting and distress  
 In the lonely wilderness ;

- By thy victory, in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power,—  
Jesus! look with pitying eye,  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By the sympathy that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By thy bitter tears, that flow'd  
Over Salem's lost abode;  
By the troubled sigh, that told  
Treason lurk'd within thy fold,—  
Jesus! look with pitying eye,  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair;  
By thine agony of prayer;  
By the purple robe of scorn;  
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,  
Cross and passion, pangs and cries;  
By thy perfect sacrifice,—  
Jesus! look with pitying eye,  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan;  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone;  
By thy triumph o'er the grave;  
By thy power from death to save,—  
Mighty God! ascended Lord,  
To thy throne in heaven restor'd!  
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry  
Of our solemn litany.

GRANT.

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 XXI. DUTIES OF BELIEVERS.
 

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## 164.

Christ demands our love.—John xxi. 16. *He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?* Jeremiah xxxi 3. *The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.*

- 1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord,  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;

Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—  
“ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ?

- 2 I deliver’d thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, heal’d thy wound ;  
Sought thee wand’ring—set thee right—  
Turn’d thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman’s tender care,  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of my throne shalt be,  
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ?”
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love thee, and adore,  
Oh for grace to love thee more !

COWPER.

## 165.

We must follow Christ.—Matthew x. 38. *And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.*

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee ;  
Naked, poor, despis’d forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;  
Perish ev’ry fond ambition,  
All I’ve sought, or hop’d, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heav’n are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour too:  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,  
In thy service, pain is pleasure,  
With thy favour, loss is gain.  
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on thee,  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for *good to me*.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast,  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me,  
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me  
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,  
Joy to find in ev'ry station  
Something still to *do or bear*.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine,  
Think that Jesus *died to save thee*:  
Child of Heaven canst thou *repine*?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

## 166.

We must endure and prepare for the Spiritual Warfare.  
 —2 Timothy ii. 4. *No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life ; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.*

- 1 HE who would win a warrior's fame,  
 Must shun, with ever watchful aim,  
     Entangling things of life ;  
 His couch the earth—heaven's arching dome  
 His airy tent,—his only home  
     The field of martial strife.
- 2 Unwearied by the battle's toil,  
 Uncumber'd by the battle's spoil,  
     No dangers must affright ;  
 Nor rest seduce to slothful ease ;  
 Intent alone his chief to please,  
     Who' call'd him forth to fight.
- 3 Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be  
 Worthy that epithet, stand free  
     From time's encumb'ring things :  
 Be earth's enthrallments fear'd, abhorr'd,  
 Knowing thy leader is the Lord,  
     Thy Chief, the King of Kings.
- 4 Still use, as not abusing, all  
 Which fetters worldlings by its thrall:—  
     With fame, with power, with pelf,  
 With joy or grief, with hope or fear,  
 Whose origin and end are *here*,  
     Entangle not thyself.
- 5 These close enough will round thee cling,  
 Without thy tight'ning ev'ry string  
     Which binds them to thy heart:—

Despise them not ! this thankless were,  
 But while partaking them, *prepare,*  
 From each and *all to part.*

BERNARD BARTON.

## 167.

Divine help in the Warfare.—2 Timothy ii. 3. *Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.* 1 Timothy vi. 12. *Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.* Romans viii. 37. *Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.*

1 By whom was David taught  
 To aim the dreadful blow,  
 When he Goliath fought,  
 And laid the Gittite low ?

No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Is'el's God and King  
 That arm'd him for the fight ;  
 Who gave him strength to sling,  
 And skill to aim aright.

Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
 Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,  
 To storm th' invader's camp,  
 With arms of little worth,  
 A pitcher and a lamp ?

The trumpets made his coming known,  
 And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh ! I have seen the day,  
 When with a single word,  
 God helping me to say,  
 My strength is in the Lord,

My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,  
 Self-righteousness, and pride,  
 How often do they steal  
 My weapon from my side!  
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,  
 Will help his servants to the end.

COWPER.

## 168.

We must run the Christian race.—Hebrews xii. 1. *Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.* 1 Corinthians ix. 24. *Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
 And press with vigour on;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.  
 'Tis God's all animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high:  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.

2 A cloud of witnesses around,  
 Hold thee in full survey:—  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.  
 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,  
 We have our race begun:  
 When crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
 We'll lay our trophies down.

DODDRIDGE.

## 169.

We must look singly and steadily to Christ.—Matthew vi. 22. *The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.*

1 His that single eye shall be,  
 Who but looks to Christ alone,  
 Trusting, through His power, to see  
 Truths discern'd not by his own.

Not by Fancy's roving sight,  
 Not by Reason's glance of pride,  
 Is beheld that holier light,  
 Which should be the Christian's guide.

2 He who would that light discern,—  
 He who would its guidance share,  
 Inward must his vision turn,  
 Wait and watch its rising *there* :  
 Unto him it shall arise,  
 As the day from darkness springs,  
 Brighter far than morning skies,  
 Bearing healing on its wings.

3 His shall be Faith, Joy, and Love,  
 His—the arm of heavenly might ;  
 His—the vision from above ;  
 His—the “ body full of light.”  
 Such the blessings Christ will give  
 Those who in his power abide,  
 Seeking but in Him to live,  
 Simple hearted, single eyed !

BERNARD BARTON.

## 170.

We must follow Christ's example.—1 Peter ii. 21. *For even hereunto were ye called : because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.*

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
 I read my duty in thy word ;  
 But in thy life, the law appears  
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
 Such deference to thy Father's will,  
 Such love, and meekness so divine,  
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
 Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer :  
 The desert thy temptations knew,  
 Thy conflict and thy victory too.

- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear  
 More of thy gracious image here :  
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS.

## 171.

Christian Consistency in a Holy Obedience.—Matthew vii.  
 21. *Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall  
 enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the  
 will of my Father which is in heaven.* Ephesians v. 15.  
*See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as  
 wise.*

- 1 THE Lord receives his highest praise  
 From humble minds and hearts sincere ;  
 While all the loud professor says,  
 Offends the righteous Judge's ear.
- 2 To walk as children of the day,  
 To mark the precept's holy light,  
 To wage the warfare, watch and pray,  
 Shew who are pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Not words alone it cost the Lord,  
 To purchase pardon for his own ;  
 Nor will a soul by grace restor'd,  
 Return the Saviour *words alone*.
- 4 With golden bells, the priestly vest,  
 And rich pomegranates border'd round,  
 The need of holiness express'd,  
 And call'd for *fruit* as well as *sound*.
- 5 Easy, indeed, it were to reach  
 A mansion in the courts above,  
 If swelling *words* and fluent *speech*  
 Might serve instead of *faith* and *love*.
- 6 But *none* shall gain the blissful place,  
 Or God's unclouded glory see,  
 Who talk of free and sovereign grace,  
 Unless *that* grace has made *them free*.

COWPER.

## 172.

Constrained to obedience by the love of Christ.—Romans xiii. 10. *LOVE is the fulfilling of the law.* 2 Corinthians v. 14. *The love of Christ constraineth us.*

- 1 No strength of nature can suffice,  
To serve the Lord aright;  
And what she has, she misapplies,  
For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay,  
In bondage and distress!  
I toil'd the precept to obey,  
But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin,  
Was more than I could do;  
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,  
I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then, all my servile works were done,  
A righteousness to raise;  
Now, freely chosen in the Son,  
I freely choose his ways.
- 5 What shall I do, was then the word,  
That I may worthier grow?  
What shall I render to the Lord?  
Is my enquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,  
And hear his pard'ning voice,  
Changes a slave into a child,  
And duty into choice.

COWPER.

## 173.

Christians' love and forgiveness towards each other.—Eph. iv. 32. *And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.*

- 1 LORD! teach us more and more to feel,  
All outward creeds and forms above,

That *thy* religion's stamp and seal,  
 Is pure, pervading, *pardoning* love.  
 Not earthly passions' ardent flame,  
 By bards in glowing numbers sung,  
 Whose brief but thrilling transports claim  
 The aspirations of the young.—

2 Not e'en affection's natural tie,  
 Of gentler feelings intertwined,  
 Which knits in tender sympathy  
 Heart into heart—and mind to mind.  
 But that more *deep devotedness*,  
 Thy Spirit, Lord, alone can give;  
 Whose power none truly can express,  
 But those who in it move, and live.

3 This is the love which suffers long;  
 Prompt to *forgive* and to forget  
 Each unprovok'd injurious wrong,  
 Remembering its own holier debt.  
 For they can never vengeance take,  
 Or, harshly, other's faults condemn,  
 Who feel that God, for Jesus' sake,  
 Hath *freely loved and pardoned* them.

BERNARD BARTON.

# 174.

Watchfulness.—Matthew xxvi. 41. *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.* Mark xiii. 37. *And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.*

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,  
 What snares beset my way!  
 Of these, my soul, be still appris'd,  
 And hourly watch and pray.

2 The world, the devil, and the flesh,  
 My feeble soul invade;  
 I find my own resistance vain,  
 Without my Saviour's aid.

- 3 Whene'er temptations would allure,  
Or fill my heart with dread,  
My God, thy pow'rful grace impart,  
To help in time of need.
- 4 May fear of Thee and dread of sin  
My watchful soul possess;  
And lively faith and joyful hope  
My vigilance increase.
- 5 Help me to pray, and watch, and strive;  
O bid the tempter flee!  
And let me never, *never* stray  
From happiness and Thee!

MRS. STEELE.

## 175.

Self-Denial.—Matthew vii. 13, 14. *Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But Wisdom shews a narrower path,  
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 “Deny thyself, and take thy cross,”  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

## 176.

We must renounce pride.—Obadiah 4. *Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.*

- 1 WHO art thou, that, soaring high,  
Pride of heart thy bosom swelling,  
Look'st around with haughty eye,  
Trusting in thy lofty dwelling?  
Stoop thy wing or thou'rt undone:  
Let not pride of heart deceive thee,  
He, the High and Holy One,  
Of thy dwelling shall bereave thee.
- 2 Though, till check'd by wrath, or love,  
Far from earth thy spirit wing thee,—  
Rear its home the stars above,—  
Yet from thence the Lord shall bring thee;  
Bring thee down, and lay thee low,  
Lower than the most inglorious;  
Soon thy humbled pride shall know  
His almighty arm victorious.
- 3 Then forbear to trust thy flight  
Even to the eagle's pinion;  
Learn in time Jehovah's might,  
Bow to God's supreme dominion.  
Kiss the Son lest He be wrath,  
Dare not with the Word dissemble,  
Choose a humbler, safer path;  
*Know thyself, and fear, and tremble.*

BERNARD BARTON.

## 177.

We must be meek and humble.—1 Peter v. 5. *Be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.*

- 1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,—  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall, as my Master, be  
Cloth'd with mild humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,  
 Chang'd into a little child ;  
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides ;  
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

- 2 Father, fix my soul on thee ;  
 Ev'ry evil let me flee :  
 Nothing want, beneath, above,—  
 Happy in thy precious love.  
 Oh ! that all may seek and find  
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !  
 Him let Isr'el still adore,  
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

## 178.

Duty and Benefit of Christian Conversation.—Luke xxiv. 14, 15. *And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.*

It happen'd, on a solemn even tide,  
 Soon after He, that was our surety, died,  
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,  
 The scene of all those sorrows left behind,  
 Sought their own village, busied as they went,  
 In musings worthy of the great event :  
 They spake of Him they lov'd, of Him whose life,  
 Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,  
 Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,  
 A deep memorial graven on their hearts.  
 The recollection, like a vein of ore,  
 The farther trac'd, enrich'd them still the more ;  
 They thought him, and they justly thought him,  
                   one  
 Sent to do more than he appear'd t' have done ;  
 T' exalt a people, and to place them high  
 Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.  
 Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,  
 A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,

And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air  
 What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.  
 Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,  
 And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,  
 Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well,  
 The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,  
 That reaching home, the night, they said, is near,  
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here—  
 The new acquaintance soon became a guest,  
 And made so welcome at their simple feast,  
 He blest the bread, but vanish'd at the word,  
 And left them both exclaiming 'Twas the Lord;  
 Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say?  
 Did they not burn within us by the way? a

COWPER.

## 179.

Depending on Christ for grace to serve Him.—John i. 16. *And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.* Zechariah iv. 6. *Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.*

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,  
     With oil we fill the bowl;  
   'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
     And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand  
     Supplies the living stream:  
   It is not at our own command,  
     But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek  
     His strength in God alone;  
   And even an angel would be weak  
     Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,  
     And in his grace confide;  
   This more exalts the King of kings,  
     Than all your works beside.

a Luke xxiv. 13–32.

- 5 In Jesus is our store,  
 Grace issues from his throne;  
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
 Confesses he has none.

COWPER.

XXI. CHRISTIAN DUTY UNDER TRIALS OF THE  
 WORLD, OF SATAN, AND OF SIN.

180.

*The world ensnaring and vain.—1 John ii. 16. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.*

- 1 BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,  
 The world to our unpractis'd hearts  
 A flatt'ring prospect shows;  
 Our fancy forms a thousand schemes  
 Of gay delights, and golden dreams,  
 And undisturb'd repose.
- 2 So in the desert's dreary waste,  
 By magic pow'r produc'd in haste,  
 (As ancient fables say,)  
 Castles, and groves, and music sweet,  
 The senses of the trav'ler meet,  
 And stop him in his way.
- 3 But while he listens with surprise,  
 The charm dissolves, the vision dies,  
 'Twas but enchanted ground:  
 Thus, if the Lord our spirits touch,  
 The world which promis'd us so much,  
 A wilderness is found.
- 4 At first we start, and feel distress'd,  
 Convinc'd we never can have rest  
 In such a wretched place;  
 But he whose mercy breaks the charm,  
 Reveals his own almighty arm,  
 And bids us seek his face.

- 5 Then we begin to live indeed,  
 When from our sin and bondage freed  
 By this beloved Friend,  
 We follow him from day to day,  
 Assur'd of grace through all the way,  
 And glory at the end. COWPER.

## 181.

The Christian must renounce the world.—1 John v. 4, 5.  
*This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?*

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
 It has no charms for me;  
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
 No more content afford;  
 Far from my heart be joys like these,  
 Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day  
 The stars are all conceal'd;  
 So earthly pleasures fade away,  
 When JESUS is reveal'd.
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
 And wholly live to thee;  
 But may I hope that thou wilt own  
 A worthless worm like me?
- 5 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,  
 I cannot doubt thy will;  
 For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
 I had refus'd thee still. NEWTON.

## 182.

The Christian desiring Heavenly-mindedness.—Col. iii.  
 1, 2 *If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.*

- 1 OH! from the world's vile slavery,  
 Almighty Saviour! set me free;

172 CHRISTIAN DUTY UNDER TEMPTATION.

- And as my treasure is *above*,  
 Be *there* my thoughts, be *there* my love!
- 2 But oft, alas! too well I know,  
 My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below;  
 In every lifeless prayer I find  
 The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.
- 3 Oh! what that frozen heart *can* move,  
 That melts not at the Saviour's love?  
 What *can* that sluggish spirit raise,  
 That will not sing the Saviour's praise?
- 4 Yet earthly pleasure still hath charms;  
 And earthly love my bosom warms;  
 Though cold my heart to love divine,  
 And cold, my bleeding Lord! to thine.
- 5 Lord, draw my best affections hence,  
 Above this world of sin and sense;  
 Cause them to soar beyond the skies,  
 And rest not, till to Thee they rise.

MRS. J. COTTERILL.

183.

The Christian tried by ridicule.—Hebrews xiii. 13. *Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.* Acts v. 41. *And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name.*

- 1 THE taunts and frowns of men of earth,  
 What are they all to me!  
 Oh they are things of little worth,  
 Weighed with one smile from THEE,  
 Who bore a sorrow deeper far,  
 Than all these stingless trifles are!
- 2 Ah! should I fear to own THY name  
 And shudder at a frown,  
 How could I bear the martyr's flame,  
 And win the martyr's crown?  
 Shame! in this day of peace, to fear  
 The sinner's *jest*, the scorner's *sneer*!

- 3 No! let me rather choose to boast,  
 Wherever I may be,  
 The things the world despises most,  
 The nails, the spear, the tree;  
 THY lowly life, THY temper mild,  
 THY spirit of a little child.
- 4 If while on earth I feel no shame  
 To own THY cause and love,  
 Thou wilt not shrink to own my name  
 Before the POWERS above:  
 Oh happy barter—to have given  
 Earth's fading fame for *that* of heaven.

EDMESTON'S LYRICS.

## 184.

We must confess Christ.—Mark viii. 38. *Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels.*

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be  
 A mortal man asham'd of Thee?  
*Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise,*  
 Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 *Asham'd of Jesus!* sooner far  
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine!
- 3 *Asham'd of Jesus!* just as soon  
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon:  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
 Bright Morning-star, bid darkness flee!
- 4 *Asham'd of Jesus!* that dear friend  
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
 No;—when I blush, be *this* my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name!
- 5 *Asham'd of Jesus!* yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—  
Till then I *boast* a Saviour slain!  
And, oh, may *this* my glory be,  
“JESUS is *not* asham'd of me!”

GRIGG.

## 185.

Satan tempts us to rebellion and despondency under trial.  
—Job ii. 9. *Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die.*

- 1 WHEN night more dark than of the tomb  
Appears to veil our sky;  
Satan oft whispers through the gloom—  
Now “curse thy God, and die.”  
Why thy integrity retain,  
When he hath cast thee off,  
And left thee to thy foes' disdain,  
Or still more cruel scoff?
- 2 Thou tried, and tempted! hast thou heard  
A voice like this within?  
Be one unfailing prayer preferr'd—  
“Lord! *save me from this sin.*”  
Seek for that patient faith which lives  
Dependant on His will,  
Whose hand, while *every good it gives*,  
Dispenses *needful ill*.
- 3 Still thine integrity hold fast,  
The tempter's counsel spurn,  
“Hope against Hope!” and God at last,  
Will for thy help return.  
He never yet abandon'd one  
Who strove to him to cleave;  
And watch'd, and waited, through His Son,  
Salvation to receive.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 186.

Looking to Jesus when under Temptation — Psalm xlii.  
 5. *Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.*

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?

Wherefore art thou thus cast down?

Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,

Bid thy restless fears be gone;

Look to Jesus,

And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations

Vex and tease thee day by day,

And thy sinful inclinations

Often fill thee with dismay;

Thou shalt conquer,

Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee

From without and from within;

Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,

But will save from hell and sin:

He is faithful

To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,

And thou tread'st the thorny road;

His right hand shall still defend thee,

Soon he'll bring thee home to God:

Therefore praise him,

Praise the great Redeemer's name.

FAWCETT.

## 187.

The Christian tried by indwelling sin.—Romans vii. 19—21, 24. *For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*

1 'Tis a point I long to know,

Oft it causes anxious thought;

Do I love the Lord, or no?

Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?

Why this dull this lifeless frame?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse,

Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart so hard remain,

Pray'r a task and burden prove,

Ev'ry trifle give me pain,

If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,

All is dark and wild and vain;

Fill'd with unbelief and sin,

Can I then be born again?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,

Sin is mix'd with all I do;

You that love the Lord indeed,

Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,

Find my sin a grief and thrall;

Should I grieve for what I feel,

If I lov'd him not at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,

Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,

Find, at times, the promise sweet,

If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord decide the doubtful case!

Thou who art thy people's sun,

Shine upon thy work of grace,

If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,

If I love at all, I pray;

If I have not lov'd before,

Help me to begin to-day.

## 188.

The duty of perseverance under all difficulties.—Gal. vi. 9. *And let us not be weary in well-doing : for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.* Hebrews vi. 11, 12. *And we desire that every one of you do shew the same diligence, to the full assurance of hope unto the end : That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.*

- 1 HE who would endless glory reap,  
Must *here* the word of patience keep;  
That word which gives the eye to see,  
The glorious harvest yet to be.  
The husbandman, his seed who sows,  
Must wait with patience while it grows;  
And he who would the oak uprear,  
Must cherish hope from year to year.
- 2 The architect who lays the while  
The basement of a lofty pile,  
By *slow, laborious toil alone*,  
Can reach the turrets' topmost stone:  
Nor must the Christian hope *too soon*,  
Faith's more sublime immortal boon;  
None win by *slight or brief* emprise,  
The rich reversion of the skies.
- 3 Meek Pilgrim Zion-ward ! if thou  
Hast put thy hand unto the plough,  
O look not back, nor droop dismay'd,  
At thought of victory delay'd.  
Doubt not that thou, in season due,  
Shall own his gracious promise true;  
And thou shalt share their *glorious lot*,  
Whom *doing well* hath wearied not.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 189.

The duty of Self-examination.—2 Corinthians xiii. 5. *Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.* Psalm iv. 4. *Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.*

- 1 ERE thou giv'st thine eyes to sleep,  
When thou seek'st thy peaceful bed,

Let thy thoughts their vigil keep,  
 Let thy soul its wings outspread.  
 Commune with thy wakeful heart;—  
 Be communion, joy, or pain :  
 'Tis true wisdom's better part  
 Thus to live the past again.

- 2 If, with memory's eye review'd,  
 Peace the parted day affords,  
 Turn to *God* with gratitude,  
 For the *glory* is the Lord's.  
 If that retrospect, but show  
 Good *neglected*, evil *done*,  
 Seek for *strength*, whence strength must flow,  
 On the morrow *such* to shun.

BERNARD BARTON.

## 190.

The review of our sins bringing us to Christ for pardon.  
 —Psalm lxxvii 3, 4, 6. *I remembered God, and was troubled : I complained and my spirit was overwhelmed. Thou holdest mine eyes waking ; I am so troubled that I cannot speak. I call to remembrance my song in the night : I commune with mine own heart : and my spirit made diligent search.*

WHEN nightly, as I rest me on my bed,  
 I trace in memory, how the day has sped,  
 Recall each *erring thought*, each *idle word*,  
 Each gift misus'd, and warning voice unheard;  
 The world conciliated, the cross denied,  
 The *impatient wish*, the swelling bosom's *pride* ;  
 My spirit shrinks, in terror, from the view,  
 And mourns to think, *my God must see it too*.  
 Tremendous thought ! and must that holy eye  
 Look through my bosom's close obscurity,  
 And to all-judging excellence reveal  
 What I, a *mortal*, am asham'd to feel ?  
 Search every thought, and—no it must not be,  
 I cannot, *dare not* meet the scrutiny !  
 Hide me my Saviour, in that darkness hide,  
 That veil'd creation when its Maker died !

Cast o'er my soul the mantle of thy love,  
 And veil its blackness from the spirits above.  
 Let me, *my Saviour*, know the guilt I prove,  
 As more than cancell'd by thy dying love!

CAROLINE FRY.

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XXII. CHRISTIAN DUTY IN THE RELATIONS OF LIFE.

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191.

Duty of a Christian as a Parent.—Ephesians vi. 4. *And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*

Does he a *Father's* character sustain?  
 Each bad propensity, through him deriv'd,  
 Watching, he aims to check while in the bud;  
 Nor wonders, though he sighs, when they appear.  
 What from a root corrupt, can he expect,  
 But a corrupted branch? Not in the blood,  
 Nor of the will of man is grace convey'd,  
 But by Jehovah's sovereign will alone.  
 From hence he learns submission. God's de-  
 crees,

For his inspection, he accounts too high.  
 The precepts are his rule: and well he knows  
 The Lord will *honour them who honour him*.  
 With diligence he therefore tries the means;  
 And as the growing powers, from infancy  
 Shoot into childhood, and from childhood branch  
 To reasons plainer dawn, advancing still,  
 Till youthful efforts into actions rise,  
 And plainly to the strict observer tell,  
 Whither they tend, and whence they are de-  
 riv'd;

The prudent father, with an eagle's eye,  
 Marks ev'ry lisping word, each childish act,  
 And youthful effort, as they spring to light;  
 And *timely bends and prunes* his growing plant:  
 Rewards the promising, the base detects,

Corrects the wilful, and encourages  
 (By motive suited to the little mind)  
 To things that merit and obtain applause.

SWAINE.

## 192.

A Mother's love for her Children.—Isaiah xlix. 15. *Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?*

My son! *my son!* I cannot speak the rest,  
 Ye, who have sons, can only know my fondness;  
 Ye, who have lost them, or who fear to lose,  
 Can only know my pangs, none else can guess  
 A Mother's sorrows cannot be conceiv'd [them;  
 But by a Mother, a doating parent lives.

In *many* lives, through *many* a nerve *she feels*,  
 From *child to child* the quick affections spread  
 For ever wand'ring, yet for *ever fix'd*.

Nor does division weaken, nor the force  
 Of constant operation, e'er exhaust  
 Parental love. All other passions change  
 With changing circumstances, rise or fall  
 Dependant on their object, claim returns,  
 Live on reciprocation, and expire.

Unfed by hope, a Mother's fondness *reigns*  
*Without a rival, and without an end.*

MRS. H. MORE.

## 193.

Duty of Children to Parents.—Ephesians vi. 1, 2. *Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise.*

- 1 To honour those who gave us birth,  
 To cheer their age, to feel their worth,  
 Is God's command to human kind,  
 And own'd by every grateful mind.
- 2 Trace then the tender scenes of old,  
 And all our infant days unfold;  
 Yield back to sight the mother's breast,  
 Watchful to lull her child to rest.

- 3 Survey her toil, her anxious care,  
To form the lisping lips to pray'r;  
To win for God the yielding soul,  
And all its ardent thoughts control.
- 4 Nor hold from mem'ry's glad review,  
The fears which all the father knew;  
The joy that mark'd his thankful gaze  
As virtue crown'd maturer days.
- 5 When press'd by sickness, pain, or grief,  
How anxious they to give relief;  
Our dearest wish they held their own;  
Till ours return'd, their peace was flown.
- 6 God of our life, each parent guard,  
And death's sad hour, O ! long retard;  
Be their's each joy that gilds the past,  
And heaven our mutual home at last.

NOEL.

## 194.

Duty of a Christian as a Master.—Colossians iv. 1. *Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.*

*Is he a Master? Mild in his commands,  
In his requirements moderate and just,  
With gentleness he rules; not soon provok'd,  
Nor long at once displeas'd. If he reprove,  
He aims at sin—resentment he denies;  
Nor ever threatens but with special cause.  
Order and peace, handmaids of happiness,  
He constantly maintains, or soon restores,  
If jarring spirits on their bounds intrude.  
Aware of bright example's needful force,  
He shews himself a pattern to his house.  
He knows, the man that would with judgment  
rule;  
Must learn self-government. That noble art  
He therefore studies; marks each wayward bent*

And fretful disposition of his mind,  
 And checks it *in the bud by sudden pray'r,*  
 Or steady *self-denial*. Thus he learns  
 To *soften* blame with *pity*, nor expects  
 From *others* what he finds *not* in himself.  
 Observing daily how his Lord rules him,  
 His government he strives to imitate,  
 And rules, as much as possible, *by love*.  
 Thus, hon'ring the wise providence of God  
 That sees distinctions needful, he obeys  
 More precepts than he utters: serving them  
 That are servants, by his constant care  
 Of *their* felicity, as *one with his*.

SWAINE.

## 195.

Duty of a Christian as a Servant.—Colossians iii. 22, 23. *Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God. And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.*

*Is he a servant? With obedient hands*  
 His master's pleasure daily he performs,  
 Rememb'ring *all the while* he serves his Lord,  
 By walking in the steps his Lord ordains.  
 If those he serves be enemies to God,  
 He'll manifest himself the Saviour's friend,  
 By *meek* deportment. If they love the Lord,  
 He counts it double *honour* to obey.  
 Conscious he's heir to heav'n, he cares not much  
 Who rules below, so he may *dwell in peace*;  
*Useful* to man, and *happy* in his God.

SWAINE.

## 196.

The Christian in Poverty.—2 Corinthians viii. 9. *For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.*

Is poverty the lively Christian's lot?  
 Content dwells with him in his humble cell;

And by that lovely handmaid's constant aid,  
 He finds a feast, where discontent would starve;  
 For he has salt from heaven to season all,  
 And daily *blessings sweeten daily bread*.  
 Little has he to care for in *this world*;  
 And much he thinks of *that* which is to come.  
 He can look up without an envious eye,  
 To stately palaces and rolling cars;  
 Since, in the *chariot of redeeming love*,  
 He often travels the *celestial road*;  
 And oft regales, with unencumber'd state,  
 In the pavilion of the KING OF KINGS.  
 One thing ennobles much the poor man's house,  
 And places o'er his crest a coronet  
 In heraldry divine,—JESUS HIMSELF,  
 Had not a place wherein to *lay His head*.  
 So poor was He, *by choice*, who, by His grace,  
 Enriches happy millions here on earth,  
 And furnishes with jewels heav'n itself.  
 Since Christ *was poor*, what *sinner* can complain?  
 Since Christ *was poor*, what *saint* could covet  
*wealth?*

His likeness *here*, His love in *Heaven* be mine.

SWAINE.

## 197.

The Christian possessed of Riches.—Mark x. 23. *And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!* Matthew vi. 20. *But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.*

AMONG the rich and mighty of the earth,  
 Few can endure the meek Redeemer's cross.  
 Riches and *self-denial* ill agree:  
 Humility and grandeur seldom sit  
 On the same sofa with a comely grace.  
 Well might the Lord of might declare it hard  
 For wealthy man to place his hope in heav'n,  
 Such num'rous objects to *allure the sense*,

And sense so *quick* and *prompt* to feel their force ;  
 These plac'd before the *eye*, and *heav'n* unseen,  
 (Except as Faith perceives it in the word)  
 Make work for Faith and Patience ; and employ  
 The *utmost vigour* of the Christian's hope  
 To keep *them* down, and *glory* full in view.  
 Yet nothing is with God impossible.  
 His Spirit *can* subdue the love of sin,  
 Ev'n in a rich man's heart ! and cause good fruit  
 To grow, where nature so abounds with thorns.  
 Where wealth, with influence or pow'r is plac'd  
 In Christian hands, proportionably *much*,  
 The Lord, who gives *them* all, expects in fruit.  
 Fear not, rich saints, to turn your gold to seed,  
 And sow it in the *fields of poverty*.  
 A glorious crop, beyond your hopes, will rise,  
 And well reward your kindness. Ye shall reap  
 Of *present* benefit, an *hundred fold*,  
 And *future* sheaves of *everlasting* good.  
 The kindness of His creatures to *Himself*  
 The Saviour condescended to accept ;  
 And *still* their kindness to his saints he deems  
 Of the *same* worth, and owns it *done to Him* !  
 This is the bank where wealth accumulates  
 Beyond all reck'ning. Trust the Lord with all,  
 And *cent per cent*, by hundreds multiplied,  
 Will pour with interest, on your growing stock.  
*There* lay your bags—no iron bars or bolts  
 Are needful to secure them. *There* no rust  
 Can their *pure* worth reduce. No thief can steal  
 The wealth entrusted in the Saviour's hand :  
 Nor can his credit fail whose word is Truth,  
 And his vast property the Universe.  
 Oh, then, remember what the Lord hath said,  
 That, ' where your *treasure* is your heart will  
     be : '

And trust your heart and riches both with Him.

SWAINE.

## 198.

*Liberality to the Poor.—Matth. xxv. 35, 36. 40. I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*

1 THE willow that droops by the side of the river,  
And drinks all its life from the stream that flows  
by,

In return, spends that life in the cause of the  
giver,  
And shadows the stream from the heat of the  
sky.

2 My Creator—my God—it is THOU—I adore  
thee,

It is THOU art this life-giving fountain to me;  
But I am all weakness—a suppliant before thee,  
I cannot return this protection to THEE!

3 But, ah, Thou hast many a loved one in  
sorrow,

Who wanders along this bleak world all alone;  
For such, from the good thou hast sent, would I  
borrow,

And *this*, thou hast said, thou wilt look on and  
own.

4 In sadness, in poverty, sickness, or danger,  
I would succour each child of my God that I see;  
And the aid thus bestowed in the world on its  
stranger,

One day thou wilt say was bestowed upon THEE!

EDMESTON'S LYRICS.

## 199.

*Benevolence and Brotherly-kindness.—Psalm xli. 1. Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.*

1 BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart  
Feels all another's pain;

To whom the supplicating eye  
 Was never rais'd in vain ;  
 Whose heart expands with gen'rous warmth  
 A stranger's woes to feel ;  
 And weeps in pity o'er the wound  
 He wants the pow'r to heal.

- 2 To gentle offices of love  
 His feet are never slow ;  
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
 A brother in a foe.  
 To him protection shall be shown ;  
 And mercy, from above,  
 Descends on those who thus fulfil  
 The perfect law of love.

## 200.

The Christian benefits the world by his influence and prayers.—Matthew v. 13, 14, 16. *Ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

HE is the happy man, whose life ev'n now  
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;  
 His warfare is *within*. There unfatigu'd  
 His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,  
 And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er *himself*,  
 And never-with'ring wreaths, compar'd with  
     which,  
 The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.  
 Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,  
 That, as she sweeps him with her whistling  
     silks,  
 Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,  
 Deems him a cypher in the works of God,  
 Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,  
 Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes  
 Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring  
 And plenteous harvest to the *pray'r* he makes,

When, Isaac like, the solitary saint  
 Walks forth to meditate at eventide;  
 And thinks on her, who thinks not for herself,  
 His sphere though humble, if that humble  
     sphere  
 Shine with his *fair example*, and, though small  
 His *influence*, if that *influence all be spent*  
 In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,  
 In aiding helpless indigence, in works  
 From which at least a grateful few derive  
 Some taste of comfort in a world of woe:  
 Then let the supercilious great, confess  
 He *serves* his country, recompenses well  
 The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine  
 He sits secure, and in the scale of life  
 Holds no ignoble, though a slighted place.  
 The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,  
 Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;  
 But he may boast what few that win it can—  
 That if his country stand not by his skill,  
 At least his follies have not wrought her fall.

COWPER.

## XXIII. ON TIME AND THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

## 201.

WHAT IS TIME?—Revelation x. 5, 6. *And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, And sware by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer.*

I ask'd an aged man,—a man of cares,—  
 Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary  
     hairs;  
 “TIME is the warp of life,” he said, “Oh tell  
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well,”

I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,—  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled ;—  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,  
“ Time *sow'd* the seed we *reap* in *this* abode,”

I ask'd a dying sinner—ere the tide  
Of life had left his veins—“ Time !” he replied,  
“ I've lost it !—Ah ! the treasure !” and *he died*.

I ask'd the golden Sun, and silver spheres,  
Those bright Chronometers of days and years ;  
They answered, “ Time is but a meteor glare,”  
And bade me for ETERNITY prepare.

I ask'd the seasons, in their annual round,  
Which *beautify*, or *desolate* the ground ;  
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)  
“ 'Tis folly's *blank*, and wisdom's *highest* prize.”

I ask'd a Spirit lost—but, Oh ! the shriek  
That pierc'd my soul—I shudder while I speak !  
It cried, “ A particle,—a speck,—a mite  
Of endless years—duration infinite !”

Of things inanimate,—my dial I  
Consulted, and it made me *this* reply,  
“ Time is the season fair of living well,  
The path of *Glory*, or the *road to Hell*.”  
I ask'd my BIBLE, and methought it said,  
“ Time is the *present* hour, the past is *fled*—  
Live, *live to day* ! —to-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set.”

I ask'd old Father Time, himself, at last,  
But, *in a moment*, he flew swiftly past,  
His chariot was a cloud—the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds—which left no trace behind.

I ask'd the mighty angel—who shall stand  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land,—  
“ By Heaven,” he cried, “ I swear the mys-  
tery's o'er,”

“ Time *was*,” he cried, but “ Time shall be no  
more !”

## 202.

No abiding home on earth.—Hebrews xiii. 14. *For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.* Hebrews xi. 10. *A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.*

- 1 "We've no abiding city here."  
This may distress the worldling's mind;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here."  
Sad truth! were this to be our home:  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here."  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear;  
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
Who walk by *faith*, and not by *sight*;  
Zion's *our home*,—the Lord is *there*;  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion! Jehovah is her strength!  
Secure she smiles at all her foes;  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 O! sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from soil are blest!  
Had I the pinions of the dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here to do His *will* be *mine*;  
And His to fix my time of rest.

## 203.

Life like a vapour.—James iv. 14. *For what is your life? It is even a vapour.* Psalm lv. 6. *And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.*

- 1 WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapour;  
     Soon it vanishes away:  
 Life is like a dying taper:  
     O my soul, why wish to stay?  
     Why not spread thy wings, and fly  
     Straight to yonder world of joy?
- 2 See that glory! how resplendent!  
     Brighter far than fancy paints:  
 There in majesty transcendent,  
     Jesus reigns, the King of saints.  
     Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
     Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,  
     Sing, with rapture, of his love,  
 Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,  
     Filling all the courts above.  
     Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
     Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go, and share his people's glory:  
     'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:  
 Thine a joyful, wondrous story:  
     One that angels love to hear.  
     Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
     Straight to yonder world of joy.

KELLY.

## 204.

Life like a flower.—Isaiah xl. 6, 7. *The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. Surely the people is grass.*

- 1 LORD, what is life?—'Tis like a flow'r  
     That blossoms, and is gone;

We see it flourish for an hour,  
 With all its beauty on ;  
 But death comes, like a wintry day,  
 And cuts the pretty flow'r away.

2 Lord, *what is life ?*—'Tis like the bow  
 That glistens in the sky :

We love to see its colours glow ;  
 But while we look, they die.  
 Life fails as soon : to-day 'tis here ;  
 To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

3 Six thousand years have pass'd away,  
 Since life began at first ;

And millions, once *alive* and *gay*,  
 Are *dead*, and in the *dust*.  
 For life, in all its health and pride,  
 Has *death* still waiting by its side.

4 Lord, *what is life ?*—If spent *with thee*

In duty, praise, and pray'r,  
 However long or short it be,  
 We need but *little care* :  
 Because Eternity will last  
 When life and death itself, are past.

JANE TAYLOR.

205.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.—Matthew vi. 34. *Take therefore no thought for the morrow : for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*

1 COURT not the uncertain future !

Ask not what it will bestow,  
 Haply it conceals a sorrow,  
 Better thou shouldst never know.

2 On the hour thy wish wouldst hasten,

Lending life a fleeter wing ?  
 Anguish may be doom'd to fasten  
 Deeply, his envenom'd sting.

3 But should unexpected pleasure,

From succeeding moments rise ;

Doubly dear would be the pleasure,  
Doubly welcome the surprise.

4 Wherefore, rashly then, unsealing  
The mysterious book of fate,  
Wouldst thou with impatient feeling,  
Joy or grief anticipate ?

5 Each in its appointed season,  
Forms the universal plan ;  
'Tis to check the pride of reason,  
Foresight was denied to man.

6 Trust with virtuous resignation,  
Through to-morrow as to-day ;  
Heaven will grant its consolation  
In what it gives or takes away.

HERBERT.

## 206.

Life a pilgrimage to the Christian.—Heb. xi. 13, 14, 16.  
*And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly : wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God ; for he hath prepared for them a city.*

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear !  
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only *sojourns* here.

2 Though I no foot of land possess,  
Nor cottage in this wilderness,  
A poor way-faring man,  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own ;  
A stranger to the world unknown,

I all their goods despise :  
 I trample on their whole delight,  
 And seek a city out of sight,  
 A city in the skies.

- 4 There is my house and portion fair,  
 My *treasure*, and my *heart* are *there*,  
 And my *abiding home* ;  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come !
- 5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
 I come, to meet thee in the skies,  
 And claim my heavenly rest !  
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
 Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,  
 Receive me to thy breast !

J. WESLEY.

## 207.

Christ a guide to the Pilgrim.—Deuteronomy xxxii. 9, 10.  
*For the Lord's portion is his people ; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness ; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye.*

- 1 SAVIOUR ! through the desert lead us ;  
 Without thee we cannot go ;  
 From eternal chains thou'st freed us,  
 And hast laid the tyrant low.  
 Let thy presence  
 Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price thy love hath bought us :  
 Saviour ! who hath love like thine ?  
 Hitherto thy pow'r has brought us ;  
 Pow'r and love in thee combine.  
 Lord of glory !  
 Ever on thine Isr'el shine.
- 3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,  
 Though our destin'd journey lie ;

Render'd by thy presence fearless,  
 We may ev'ry foe defy.  
 Nought shall move us  
 While we see our Saviour nigh.

KELLY.

## 208.

For the last day of the Week.—Job vii. 6. *My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.* Amos iv. 12. *Prepare to meet thy God.*

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
 God has brought us on our way,  
 Let us now a blessing seek  
 On th' approaching Sabbath-day;  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour  
 Through the week our praise demand;  
 Guarded by Almighty pow'r,  
 Fed and guided by his hand:  
 Though ungrateful we have been,  
 Only made returns of sin.
- 3 If to-morrow sees us rise,  
 May we feel thy presence near!  
 May thy glory meet our eyes,  
 When we in thy house appear!  
 There afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May thy gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints:  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief to all complaints:  
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
 Till we join the church above.

NEWTON.

## 209.

A Believer's Thought on hearing the Clock strike twelve at night, on the 31st of December.—1 Corinthians vii. 29. *The time is short.* Philippians iv. 5. *The Lord is at hand.*

## 1 KNELL of departed years !

Thy voice is sweet to me ;  
It wakes no sad foreboding fears,  
Calls forth no sympathetic tears,  
Time's restless course to see ;  
From hallowed ground,  
I hear the sound,  
Diffusing thro' the air, a holy calm around.

2 Thou art the voice of *Love*,

To chide each doubt away ;  
And as the murmur faintly dies,  
Visions of past enjoyments rise,  
In long and bright array :  
I hail the sign,  
That love divine,  
Will o'er my future path in cloudless mercy  
shine.

3 Thou art the voice of *Hope*,

The music of the spheres ;  
A song of blessings yet to come,  
A herald from my future home,  
My soul delighted hears :  
By sin deceiv'd,  
By nature griev'd,  
Still I am nearer rest than when I first be-  
liev'd.

4 Thou art the voice of *Life*,

A sound which seems to say,  
“ Oh ! prisoner in this gloomy vale,  
“ Thy flesh shall fade, thy heart shall fail,  
Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail,  
“ That cannot pass away :

“ *Here* grief and pain,  
 Thy steps enchain,  
 “ *There* in the image of the Lord, thou shalt  
 for ever reign.

## 210.

Lamenting the sins of the past Year.—Micah vii. 19. *He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us ; he will subdue our iniquities : and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.*

Yes, the year has clos'd,  
 And if the sum of all it can bequeath  
 Be sense of sin on every deed of mine,  
 How sweet a record does it leave of *Thee* !  
 How often when my vacillating foot  
 Has rashly trod the path of sin too near,  
 Some quick reproof, unknown to those who  
     gave it,  
 Has timely whisper'd, “ And canst thou do  
     this ? ”  
 How often, when, forgetful of the past,  
 Guilty mistrust, and sullen discontent,  
 Have marked their sable shadows on my brow,  
 Has some sweet pledge and earnest of thy love—  
 Some flower unwonted blooming on my path—  
 E'en as a father woos a captious child,  
 Recall'd the smile of grateful exultation !  
 And often when my lips could frame no prayer,  
 Thou hast said, “ Fear not, Jesus pleads for  
     thee ! ”  
 And when the bitterness of conscious guilt  
 Urg'd my impatient spirit to despair,  
 How many times redeeming love has spoken,  
 “ Is it beyond the price that I have paid ? ”  
 Yes, I remember, when the swelling bosom  
 Told that the pang it suffer'd was too much,  
 How sweet a voice celestial spake within me—  
 “ Didst thou not say, e'en now, Thy will be  
     done ? ”

“ This is my will.—Would'st thou not have it so?”

Thy love was tender, when my own was cold—  
 Thou couldst remember, e'en when I forgot;  
 When I provok'd thee, thou forbar'st to punish;  
 When I forsook thee, thou upheld'st me still;  
 When I denied thee, thou didst own me thine.  
 Bear off the record—bear it e'en to heaven!  
 I am content to blush while it is read;  
 Since he who reads will blot it with his tears;  
 And they who hear, with feeling voice will utter  
 Shame upon me, but glory to my God!

CAROLINE FRY.

## 211.

For the New Year.—Psalm xc. 12. *So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*  
 Ephesians v. 16. *Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.*

- 1 TIME, by moments, steals away,  
 First the hour, and then the day:  
 Small the daily loss appears,  
 Yet it soon amounts to years.  
 Thus, another year is flown,  
 Now it is no more our own,  
 If it brought or promis'd good,  
 Than the years before the flood.
- 2 But (may none of us forget)  
 It has left us much in debt:  
 Favours from the Lord receiv'd,  
 Sins that have his Spirit griev'd,  
 Mark'd by an unerring hand,  
 In his book recorded stand.  
 Who can tell the vast amount,  
 Plac'd to each of our account?
- 3 But, poor careless sinner, say,  
 What can you to justice pay?  
 Tremble, lest, when life is past,  
 Into prison you be cast!

Will you still increase the score?  
 Still be careless as before?  
 O forbid it, gracious Lord,  
 Touch their spirits by thy word!

- 4 Spar'd to see another year,  
 Let thy blessing meet us here;  
 Come, thy dying work revive,  
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive:  
 Sun of Righteousness arise!  
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;  
 Let our pray'r thy pity move,  
 Make *this year* a time of love.

NEWTON.

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XXIV. THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATIONS IN  
 AFFLICTION.

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212.

In adversity.—Habakkuk iii. 17, 18. *Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.*

- 1 Ah! why this disconsolate frame?  
 Though earthly enjoyments decay,  
 My Jesus is ever the same,  
 A sun in the gloomiest day.  
 Though molten awhile in the fire,  
 'Tis only the gold to refine;  
 And be it my simple desire,  
 Though suffering, not to repine.
- 2 What can be the pleasures to me,  
 Which earth in its fulness can boast?  
 Delusive its vanities flee,  
 A flash of enjoyment at most.  
 And if the Redeemer could part,  
 For me, with his throne in the skies;

Ah! why is so dear to my heart,  
What he in his wisdom denies?

3 Though plenty to others be giv'n,  
Their harvest and vintage abound;  
Yet if I have treasure in heav'n,  
Where should my affections be found?  
Why stoop for the glittering sands  
Which they are so eager to share,  
Forgetting those wealthier lands  
That form my inheritance there.

4 Dear Jesus! my feelings refine,  
My wand'ring affections recall;  
Then, be there no fruit in the vine,  
Deserted and empty the stall,  
The long labour'd olive may die,  
The field may no harvest afford,  
Yet under the gloomiest sky,  
My soul shall *rejoice* in her Lord.

5 Then let the rude tempest assail,  
The blasts of adversity blow,  
The haven, though distant, I hail,  
Beyond this rough ocean of woe;  
When safe on its beautiful strand,  
I'll smile at the billows that foam,  
Kind angels will hail me to land,  
And Jesus will *welcome me home*.

MISS TAYLOR.

## 213.

For the Friendless.—Psalin l. 15. *And call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.*

1 FRIEND of the friendless and the faint!  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?  
2 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?

Does not thy word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

3 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;  
But a pray'r-hearing, ans'wing God,  
Supports me under ev'ry load.

4 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;  
I have an advocate with thee:  
They whom the world caresses most,  
Have no such privilege to boast.

5 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
Yet God, *my God*, forgets me not:  
And he is safe, and *must* succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

## 214.

Jesus all in all.—Psalm xxvii. 1, 5. *The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.*

1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tow'r,  
And Jesus is my all.

2 Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?  
Why should I either flee or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?  
And Jesus is my all.

3 When earthly comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?  
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh,  
And Jesus is my all.

4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,  
My soul a famine need not dread,  
For Jesus is my living bread,  
And Jesus is my all.

- 5 I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supply'd ;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide,  
And Jesus is my all.
- 6 Tho' sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness,  
And Jesus is my all.
- 7 Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,  
My stedfast hope shall not remove,  
While Jesus intercedes above,  
For Jesus is my all.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine ;  
But on my side is pow'r divine ;  
For Jesus reigns, and he is mine,  
And Jesus is my all.

NEWTON.

## 215.

*Trials welcomed.—Hebrews xii. 5, 6. My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him : For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.*

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,  
Not to live *without* the cross,  
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,  
Sanctifying ev'ry loss :  
Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
*Love* inscrib'd upon them all,  
*This* is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Isr'el sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil :  
Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to pray'r ;  
Trials bring me to his *feet* ;  
Lay me *low*, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisement by the way;  
 Might I not, with reason, fear  
 I should prove a cast-away?  
 Bastards may escape the rod,  
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
 But the true-born child of God  
 Must not, will not, if he might.

COWPER.

## 216.

Comfort for the lonely.—Genesis xxviii. 15. *And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.* Matthew x. 30. *But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

- 1 CHILD of the dust, I heard thee mourn,  
 “Will God forsake and not return?  
 Unheal’d my wounds, my woes unknown?  
 Down to the grave I sink alone.”
- 2 But art thou thus indeed alone,  
 Quite unbefriended and unknown?  
 And hast thou then His love forgot,  
 Who form’d thy frame, and fix’d thy lot;
- 3 Who laid His Son within the grave,  
 Thy soul from endless death to save;  
 And gave His Spirit to console,  
 And make thy wounded spirit whole?
- 4 Is not His voice in ev’ning’s gale?  
 Beams not with Him the star so pale?  
 Is there a leaf can fade or die,  
 Unnotic’d by His watchful eye?
- 5 Each flutt’ring hope, each anxious fear,  
 Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,  
 To thine Almighty friend are known;  
 Then say not, thou art *all alone*.

JOSIAH CONDER.

217.

Comfort in the Promises.—2 Peter i. 4. *Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises.* Hebrews xiii. 5. *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
What more can he say, than to you he hath  
said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?
- 2 In ev'ry condition,—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
“ As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
ever be *a*.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd !  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand. *b*
- 4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless ;  
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine. *d*
- 6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove  
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love *e* ;  
And, when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
borne.”

*a* Deut. xxxiii. 25.      *b* Isa. xliii. 1, 5.      *c* Isa. xliii. 2.  
*d* Isa. xlviii. 10.      *e* Isa. xli. 4.

## 218.

Comfort in Sickness.—Psalm civ. 34. *My meditation of him shall be sweet.* Psal. xli. 3. *The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing : thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.*

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love :  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid :  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suff'rings paid.
- 4 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death :  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 5 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end :  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust his firm decrees :  
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his.
- 7 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.
- 8 Then shall my disimprison'd soul  
View Jesus and adore ;

- Be with his likeness satisfy'd,  
And grieve and sin no more.
- 9 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear  
The trumpet's quick'ning sound ;  
And by my Saviour's pow'r rebuilt,  
At his right hand be found.
- 10 These eyes shall see him in that day,  
The God who died for me ;  
And all my rising bones shall say,  
Lord, who is like to thee ?
- 11 If such the views which Faith unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What raptures must the Church above  
In Jesus' presence know !
- 12 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee ?

TOPLADY.

## 219.

For bereaved Parents.—Job i. 21, 22. *Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither : the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.*

- 1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears  
Flow o'er your children *dead*,  
Say not in feelings of despair,  
That *all* your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie ;  
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view  
A heav'nly Parent nigh.
- 3 Tho', your young branches torn away,  
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,  
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.

- 4 " I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,  
 " In my own house a place :  
 No names of daughters and of sons  
 Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 Transient and vain is ev'ry hope  
 A rising race can give ;  
 In endless honour and delight  
 My children all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears  
 Thro' which thy face we see,  
 And *bless* those wounds which thro' our hearts  
 Prepare a way for thee.

DODDRIDGE.

## 220.

On the death of a Parent.—Psalm xxvii. 10. *When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.*

- 1 THOUGH nature's voice you must obey,  
 Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,  
 That hand, which takes your joys away,  
 That sovereign hand can heal your woe.
- 2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore  
 The parent *gone*, remov'd the *friend* !  
 With heart *resign'd* his truth adore  
 On whom your noblest hopes depend.
- 3 Does he not bid his children rise  
 Through death's dark shades, to realms of  
 Yet when he calls them to the skies, [light?  
 Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?
- 4 His word—here let your soul rely—  
 Immortal consolation gives :  
 Your heavenly Father *cannot die*,  
 Th' Eternal Friend for *ever* lives.
- 5 O be that dearest Friend *your trust* !  
 On his Almighty arm recline ;  
 He, when your comforts sink in dust,  
 Can give you blessings more divine.

MRS. STEELE.

## 221.

For an Orphan.—Psalm lxxviii. 5. *A father of the fatherless, is God in his holy habitation.* Jeremiah xlix. 11. *Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.*

- 1 O THOU, the helpless orphan's hope,  
To whom alone my eyes look up,  
In each distressing day; .  
*Father*, (for that's the sweetest name  
That e'er these lips were taught to frame ;)   
Instruct this heart to pray.
- 2 Low in the dust my parents lie,  
And no attentive ear is nigh  
But thine to mark my woe ;  
*No hand* to wipe away my tears,  
*No gentle voice* to hush my fears,  
Remains to me below.
- 3 To heav'n my earthly friends are gone,  
And thither are my comforts flown,  
But I continue here ;  
*Be thou* my Pattern, *thou* my Guide,  
This *friendless heart* from sorrow hide,  
Reposing on thy care.
- 4 If I am spar'd throughout the span  
That makes the narrow life of man,  
And reach to hoary age ;  
Instruct me in thy holy will,  
Teach me the duties to fulfil  
Of each successive stage.
- 5 But if thy wisdom should decree  
An early sepulchre for me,  
Father ! thy will be done :  
On thy rich mercy I rely,  
And if I *live*, or if I *die*,  
O *leave me not alone*.

## 222.

Resignation.—Acts xxi. 14. *The will of the Lord be done.*  
 Psalm xciv. 19. *In the multitude of my thoughts within  
 me thy comforts delight my soul.*

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sov'reign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace  
 Let *this* petition rise :
- 2 " Give me a *calm*, a *thankful* heart,  
 From ev'ry murmur free :  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And let me live *to thee*.
- 3 Let the *sweet* hope that *thou art mine*,  
 My life and death attend :  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end."

MRS. STEELE.

## 223.

Patience.—1 Samuel iii. 18. *It is the Lord ; let him do  
 what seemeth him good.*

- 1 IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,  
 Whose claims are all divine ;  
 Who has an undisputed right  
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust  
 Or contradict his will ;  
 Who cannot do but what is just,  
 And what is righteous still.
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,  
 My wealth, my friends, my ease,  
 And of his bounties may recal  
 Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
 Beneath the heaviest load,  
 From whom assistance I obtain  
 To tread the thorny road.

- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill  
Can from afflictions raise  
Matter, eternity to fill  
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,  
Thrice blessed be his name,  
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,  
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,  
Should nature's self expire,  
And the great judge of all descend  
In awful flames of fire.
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,  
Be sullen and repine?  
No, gracious God, take what thou please,  
To thee I ALL resign.

## 224.

On the death of Friends.—Micah vi. 9. *Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.*

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,  
To damp our brainless ardors; and abate  
'That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.  
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smoothe  
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars  
Of terror and abhorrence, nature throws  
Cross our obstructed way; and, thus, to make  
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.  
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume  
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,  
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,  
And damp'd with omen of our own decease,  
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd  
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,  
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,  
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends  
Are angels sent on errands full of love;

For us they languish, and for us they die.  
 And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?  
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;  
 Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?  
 Tread under foot their agonies and groans;  
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?

YOUNG.

## 225.

Affliction needful for us.—Psalm cxix. 71. *It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.*

THE path of sorrow, and *that* path alone,  
 Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown:  
 No trav'ller *ever* reach'd that blest abode,  
 Who found not thorns and briers on his road.  
 For He, who knew what human hearts would  
     prove,

How *slow* to learn the dictates of his love,  
 That, *hard* by nature, and of *stubborn* will,  
 A life of *ease* would make them *harder* still,  
 In *pity* to the souls his *grace* design'd  
 To *rescue* from the ruins of mankind,  
 Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,  
 And said, "Go, spend them in the vale of tears!"  
 O balmy gales of soul-reviving air!  
 O salutary streams that murmur there!  
 These flowing from the fount of grace above,  
 Those breath'd from lips of everlasting love.  
 The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,  
 Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys:  
 An envious world will interpose its frown,  
 To mar delights superior to its own;  
 And many a pang experienc'd still within,  
 Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin;  
 But ills of ev'ry shape and ev'ry name,  
 Transform'd to *blessings*, miss their cruel aim;  
 And ev'ry moment's calm that *soothes* the breast  
 Is given in *earnest* of eternal rest.

COWPER.

226.

Praising God for affliction.—Psalm cxix. 75. *I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.*

- 1 For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?  
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?  
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease,  
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?
- 2 Shall I praise thee for flow'rs that bloom'd on my breast,  
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possess'd?  
For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight,  
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?
- 3 For this *should* I praise thee! but, if *only* for *this*,  
I should leave half-untold the donation of bliss:  
I thank thee for *sickness*, for *sorrow*, for *care*,  
For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish I bear:
- 4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,  
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;  
I praise thee, I *bless thee*, my King and my God,  
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestow'd.
- 5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,  
They yielded *no fruits*, they are *wither'd* and gone,

The thorn it was poignant, but *precious* to  
me,—

'Twas the message of mercy,—it led me to  
thee.

## XXV. CHRISTIAN CONSOLATIONS IN DEATH.

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## 227.

Consolation in Death.—1 Corinthians xv. 55, 56, 57. *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

- 1 LET reason vainly boast her pow'r  
To teach her children how to die;  
The sinner in a dying hour  
Needs more than reason can supply:  
A view of Christ the sinner's friend,  
Alone can cheer him in his end.
- 2 When nature sinks beneath disease,  
And ev'ry earthly hope is fled,  
What *then* can give the sinner ease,  
And make him love a dying bed?  
Jesus, thy smiles his heart can cheer;  
He's blest *ev'n then* if *thou art near*.
- 3 The gospel does salvation bring,  
And Jesus is the gospel theme;  
In death redeemed sinners sing,  
And triumph in the Saviour's name:  
"O death where is thy sting?" they cry;  
"O grave where is thy victory?"

KELLY.

## 228.

Longing to depart and be with Christ.—Philippians i. 23. *Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.*

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;

- Oh! bear me, ye cherubim up,  
And waft me away to His throne!
- 2 My Saviour! whom absent I love,  
Whom not having seen I adore,  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and pow'r ;
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee ;  
Oh break thou this adamant chain,  
And set me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,  
When array'd in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more by my sins, ,  
The bosom on which I recline.
- 5 Oh then shall the veil be remov'd,  
And around me thy brightness be pour'd ;  
I shall meet Him whom absent I lov'd,  
I shall see, whom unseen I ador'd.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 7 Or if yet remember'd above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;  
They will be but new subjects of love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 8 Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain  
Shall set me eternally free,  
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

COWPER.

## 229.

The dying Believer to his soul.—Acts vii. 59. *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.* Psalm xxxi. 5. *Into thine hand I commit my spirit : thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.*

- 1 DEATHLESS principle, arise ;  
Soar, thou native of the skies ;

Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
To his glorious likeness wrought,  
Go to shine before his throne,  
Deck his mediatorial crown :  
Go, his triumphs to adorn,  
Born of God—to God return.

2 Lo ! He beckons from on high,  
Fearless, to his presence fly :  
Thine the merit of his blood,  
Thine the righteousness of God.  
Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;  
Wait to catch the signal given,  
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distress'd ?  
Willing to retain her guest ?  
'Tis not thou, but she must die :  
Fly, celestial tenant, fly ;  
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,  
Sweetly breathe thyself away :  
Singing, to thy crown remove,  
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream :  
Venture all thy care on Him ;  
Him, whose dying love and pow'r  
Still'd its tossings, hush'd its roar.  
Safe is the expanded wave ;  
Gentle as a summer's eve ;  
Not one object of his care  
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

5 See the haven full in view !  
Love divine shall bear thee through.  
Trust to that propitious gale ;  
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail ;  
Saints in glory perfect made,  
Wait thy passage through the shade :  
Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
See, they throng the blissful shore ;

- 6 Mount their transports to improve,  
Join the longing choir above;  
Swiftly to their wish be given;  
Kindle higher joy in heaven.—  
Such the prospects that arise  
To the dying Christian's eyes;  
Such the glorious vista Faith  
Opens through the shades of death.

TOPLADY.

## 230.

Peace to the departed Saint — Acts vii. 60. *He fell asleep.*

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below;  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go!  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above,  
Shews the purchase of his merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To his uttermost salvation,  
To his everlasting rest:  
For the joy He sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain;  
Die, to live a life of glory,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.

## 231.

Thoughts on a departed friend.—Luke viii. 52. *Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.*

- 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,  
We will not weep for thee;  
One thought shall check the starting tear,  
It is—that thou art free.  
And thus shall Faith's consoling power  
The tears of love restrain,  
Oh! who that saw thy parting hour,  
Could wish thee here again?

- 2 Triumphant in thy closing eye,  
 The hope of glory shone,  
 Joy breath'd in thy expiring sigh  
 To think the fight was won.  
 Gently the passing spirit fled,  
 Sustained by Grace Divine,—  
 Oh! may such grace on me be shed,  
 And make my end like thine!

DALE'S WIDOW OF NAIN.

## 232.

Contemplating the remains of a Believer.—1 Corinthians xv. 53, 54. *For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.*

- 1 How blest is the Christian, bereft  
 Of all that could burthen his mind!  
 How easy the soul that has left  
 This wearisome body behind!  
 Of evil incapable thou  
 Whose relics with envy I see;  
 No longer in misery now,  
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 2 This earth is affected no more  
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;  
 The war in the members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex him again:  
 No anger henceforward, nor shame  
 Shall redden this innocent clay;  
 Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest,  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
 This quiet, immoveable breast  
 Is heav'd by affliction no more;  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble and torturing pain;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.

- 4 The lids he so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Seal'd up in unbroken repose  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep;  
 The fountains can yield no supplies,  
 These hollows from water are free;  
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
 And evil they never shall see.
- 5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
 While bound in a prison I breathe;  
 And still for deliverance pine,  
 And press to the issues of death.  
 What now with my tears I bedew  
 Prepare me, great God, to become:  
 My spirit created anew  
 Ere I am consign'd to the tomb.

C. WESLEY.

## 233.

The Burial of a departed friend.—1 Thessalonians iv. 13, 14. *Ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.*

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave,—but we will  
 not deplore thee;  
 Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the  
 tomb,  
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals  
 before thee,  
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
 the gloom.
- 2 THOU art gone to the grave,—we no longer  
 behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy  
 side;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
 enfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has  
 died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave,—and its man-  
sion forsaking,  
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;  
But the sun-shine of heaven beam'd bright on  
thy waking,  
And the song which thou heard'st was the sera-  
phim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere  
wrong to deplore thee,  
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy  
guide ;  
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will  
restore thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the Savi-  
our hath died.

BISHOP HEBER.

## 234.

Resurrection of the saints.—1 Corinthians xv. 42, 43, 44.  
*So also is the resurrection of the dead : It is sown in cor-  
ruption ; it is raised in incorruption : It is sown in dis-  
honour ; it is raised in glory : It is sown in weakness ;  
it is raised in power : There is a natural body, and  
there is a spiritual body.*

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room,  
To seek a slumber in the dust.  
Break from thy throne, illustrious morn !  
Attend, O Earth ! his sovereign word :  
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,  
He must ascend to meet his Lord.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invade my bounds ; no mortal woes  
Can reach the lovely sleepers here,  
And angels watch their soft repose.  
So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son  
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed  
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne,  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

WATTS.

## 235.

Preparation for death.—Psalm cxliv. 4. *Man is like to vanity : his days are as a shadow that passeth away.*  
 Psalm xc. 12. *So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*

- 1 O LET me, heav'nly Lord, extend  
 My view to life's approaching end :  
 What are my days?—a span their line ;—  
 And what my age, compar'd with thine ?
- 2 Our life's advancing to its close,  
 While scarce its earliest dawn it knows ;  
 Swift through an empty shade we run,  
 And *vanity* and *man* are *one*.
- 3 With anxious pain this son of care  
 Toils to enrich an unknown heir ;  
 And counting oft his gather'd store,  
 With vain disquiet thirsts for more.
- 4 God of my fathers ! here, as they,  
 I walk the pilgrim of a day ;  
 A transient guest, thy works admire,  
 And instant to my home retire.
- 5 O spare me, Lord, awhile ; O spare,  
 And nature's ruin'd strength repair,  
 Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er,  
 I perish, and am seen no more !

MERRICK.

*Epitaph on a Believer.*

FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear,  
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;  
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,  
 And staid thy progress to the realms of bliss.  
 No more confin'd to grovelling scenes of earth,  
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,  
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,  
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

*Epitaph on an Infant Boy.*

ON life's rough ocean, sorrowful and pain'd,  
 How many voyagers their course perform,  
 This little bark a kinder fate obtain'd,  
 It reach'd the harbour ere it met the storm.

*Epitaph on an Infant Girl.*

THE cup of life just to her lips she prest,  
 Found the taste bitter, and declin'd the rest,  
 Averse, then turning from the face of day,  
 She softly sigh'd her infant soul away.

## XXVII. JUDGMENT, ETERNITY, HEAVEN, &amp;c.

## 236.

Christ coming to Judgment.—Matthew xxvi. 64. *Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.*

- 1 THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,  
 The mountains to their centre shake ;  
 And, withering from the vault of night,  
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.  
 The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,  
 With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm ;  
 On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,  
 Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 2 Can this be He, who wont to stray  
 As Pilgrim on the world's highway,  
 Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,  
 The Nazarene,—the crucified ?  
 While sinners in despair shall call,  
 " Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall !"  
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
 Shall joyful sing " The Lord is come !"

BISHOP HEBER.

## 237.

Separation between the Righteous and the Wicked.—  
*Matthew xiii. 30. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.*

- 1 Tho' in the outward church below,  
 The wheat and tares together grow,  
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,  
 And pluck the tares in anger, up.  
 Will it relieve their horrors there,  
 To recollect their stations here?  
 How much they heard, how much they knew,  
 How long amongst the wheat they grew?
- 2 Oh! this will aggravate their case;  
 They perish'd under means of grace:  
 To them the word of life and faith  
 Became an instrument of death.  
 We seem alike while here we meet;  
 Strangers might think we all were wheat:  
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes  
 Each heart appears without disguise.
- 3 The tares are spar'd for various ends,  
 Some for the sake of praying friends;  
 Others, the Lord, against their will,  
 Employs his counsels to fulfil.  
 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,  
 His plan will not require them long;  
 In harvest, when he saves his own,  
 The tares for ever he'll disown.      NEWTON.

## 238.

Thoughts on Eternity.—*Daniel xii. 2. And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.*

THE bell strikes one. We take no note of time,  
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,

I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours.  
*Where are they?* with the years beyond the flood.  
 It is the signal that demands dispatch;  
 How much is to be done? my hopes and fears  
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—*on what?* a fathomless abyss:  
 A dread ETERNITY! how surely *mine*.  
 And can ETERNITY belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?  
*This* is the bud of being, the dim dawn,  
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule;  
 Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts:  
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:  
 And is it in the flight of threescore years,  
 To push ETERNITY from human thought,  
 And smother souls immortal in the dust?  
 A soul *immortal*, spending all her fires,  
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,  
 At aught *this* scene can threaten or indulge,  
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
 To waft a *feather*, or to drown a *fly*.

YOUNG.

## 239.

Heaven.—John xiv. 2. *In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.* Revelation xxi. 4. *And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.*

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,  
 Far above these lower skies,  
 Fair and exquisitely bright,  
 Heav'n's unfading mansions rise:  
 Glad within these blest abodes,  
 Dwell th' enraptur'd saints above,  
 Where no anxious care corrodes;  
 Happy in Immanuel's love!

- 2 Once, indeed, like us below,  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Tort'ring pain, and heavy woe,  
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears:  
These, alas! full well they knew,  
Sad companions of their way:  
Oft on them the tempest blew,  
Through the long, the cheerless day!
- 3 Oft their vileness they deplor'd,  
Wills perverse and hearts untrue;  
Griev'd they could not love the Lord,  
Love him as they wish'd to do!  
Oft the big, unbidden tear,  
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,  
Told, in eloquence sincere,  
Tales of woe they could not speak.
- 4 But, these days of weeping o'er,  
Past, this scene of toil and pain,  
'They shall feel distress no more,  
*Never—never* weep again!  
Happy spirits!—ye are fled  
Where no grief can entrance find;  
Lull'd to rest the aching head,  
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!
- 5 All is tranquil and serene,  
Calm and undisturb'd repose;  
There no cloud can intervene,  
There no angry tempest blows!  
Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,  
Sighs no more shall heave the breast:  
Night is lost in endless day—  
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

RAFFLES.

## 240.

Longing for Heaven.—Isaiah xxxiii. 17. *Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.* Philippians i. 21. *For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*

- 1 YE Angels, who stand round the throne,  
And view my Emmanuel's face,

In rapturous songs make him known,  
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :  
He form'd you the spirits you are,  
So happy; so noble, so good ;  
When others sunk down in despair,  
Confirm'd by his power ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
His grace and his glory display,  
And all his rich mercy repeat :  
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,  
He ransom'd from death and despair ;  
For you he was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O ! when will the period appear,  
When I shall unite in your song ?  
I'm weary of lingering here,  
And I to your Saviour belong !  
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,  
I struggle and pant to be free ;  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God, and my Saviour, to see !

4 I want to put on my attire,  
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;  
I want to be one of your choir,  
And tune my sweet harp to his name ;  
I want—O I want to be there,  
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu ;  
Your joy and your friendship to share,  
To wonder and worship with you !

MARIE DE FLEURY.

## 241.

The land of Canaan, a Type of Heaven.—1 Corinthians ii. 9. *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.*

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign :

Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.  
 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-with'ring flow'rs:  
 Death like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heav'nly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Are dress'd in living green:  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood, *a*  
 While Jordan roll'd between.  
 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
 And would not cross this sea;  
 They linger, trembling on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

3 O! could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise;  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unbecclouded eyes!  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood, *b*  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

## 242.

Heavenly Jerusalem.\*—Rev. xxi. 10, 11. 21. 25. *And shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.*

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labours have an end,

In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls

And pearly gates behold?

*a* Joshua i. iii. iv. *b* Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. xxxiv. 1—5.

\* See the whole chapter Revelation xxi.

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong, a  
 And streets of shining gold?  
 O, when, thou city of my God,  
 Shall I thy courts ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And Sabbaths have no end?

- 2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
 Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes,  
 I onward press to you.  
 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
 Around my Saviour stand:  
 And soon my friends in Christ below,  
 Will join the glorious band.  
 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
 My soul still pants for thee;  
 Then shall my labours have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see.

## 243.

Heaven the Christian's home.—1 Peter i. 4, 5. 13. *To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.*

- 1 As when the weary trav'ler gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 His heart revives if, 'cross the plains,  
 He eyes his home, though distant still.  
 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,  
 He slights the space that lies between;  
 His past fatigues are now forgot,  
 Because his journey's end is seen.
- 2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.  
 The thought of home his spirit cheers;  
 No more he grieves for troubles past;  
 a Isaiah xxvi. 1.

Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

" 'Tis there," he says, " I am to dwell  
With Jesus in the realms of day;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And He shall wipe my tears away."  
Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode:  
Assur'd our home will make amends  
For all our toils while on the road.

NEWTON.

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XXVIII. ON THE SABBATH, LORD'S SUPPER.  
MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

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244.

The first Sabbath, or Creation finished.\*—Gen. ii. 3. *And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.* Job xxxviii. 7. *When the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.*

1 WHEN the mighty work was done,  
And the seventh morn arose,  
When the first sabbatic sun  
Lit the hours of repose:  
Oh, with what a loud acclaim,  
Then the SONS OF MORNING sang!  
To the glory of THY name,  
All the Heavenly chancel rang!  
Then the THRONES, with harps of light,  
Struck with mighty chord THY praise,  
Hymning all THY power and might,  
ANCIENT OF ETERNAL DAYS!

2 Now, impure, and cold, and faint,  
Oft we drag the hours along,  
With sad weariness and plaint,  
Rather than with joyful song:  
But a sabbath shall arise,  
Even than the first more bright;

\* The Christian Sabbath, or Redemption finished, may be referred to in pieces on the Resurrection, pages 90, 91.

When the morning of the skies,  
 Breaks the long and dreary night—  
 Lovelier, for in that sweet hour,  
 Ransomed souls shall sit above,  
 And those bright stars that sang HIS POWER,  
 Shall join, and add REDEEMING LOVE!

EDMESTON'S LYRICS.

## 245.

The Sabbath a type of the Heavenly rest.—Isaiah lviii. 13, 14. *If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shall thou delight thyself in the Lord.*

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
 But there's a nobler rest above;  
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire,  
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.  
 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;  
 No groans to mingle with the songs  
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 2 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
 No cares to break the long repose;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.  
 O glorious rest! O blest abode!  
 O! to be near and like my God,  
 Where *flesh* and *sin* shall ne'er control  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

DODDRIDGE.

## 246.

Sabbath Morning.—Isaiah lvi. 6, 7. *Every one that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people.*

- 1 DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,  
 When village bells awake the day,

And, by their sacred minstrelsy,  
Call me from earthly cares away.

- 2 And dear to me the winged hour,  
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord  
To feel devotion's soothing pow'r,  
And catch the influence of thy word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen,  
Which echoes through the blest abode;  
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,  
Dies on the walls, but lives to God!
- 4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,  
Has bound me in its six days' chain,  
This bursts them like the strong man's bands,  
And lets my spirit loose again.
- 5 Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,  
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;  
These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
But always bid that heart rejoice.

CUNNINGHAM.

## 247.

Sabbath Evening.—Revelation i. 10. *I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.* Psalm lxiii. 5. *My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.*

- 1 Is there a time when moments flow  
More pleasantly than all beside?  
It is of all the times below,  
A Sabbath eve in summer's tide.  
Oh! then the setting sun smiles fair,  
And all below, and all above,  
The various forms of nature wear  
One universal garb of love.
- 2 And then the peace that Jesus beams,  
The life of grace, the death of sin,  
With nature's placid woods and streams,  
Is peace without and peace within.

230 ON THE SABBATH, LORD'S SUPPER, &c.

Delightful scene ! a world at rest,  
A God of love, no grief nor fear,  
A heav'nly hope, a peaceful breast,  
A smile unsully'd by a tear.

- 3 Delightful hour ! how soon will night  
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;  
And morrow's quick returning light  
Must call us to the world again.  
Yet there will dawn at last a day,  
A SUN that never sets shall rise ;  
Night will not veil *his* ceaseless ray,  
The heav'nly Sabbath *never* dies.

EDMESTON.

248.

The remembrance of Christ in the Lord's Supper.—Luke xxii. 19, 20. *And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you : this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.*

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !  
I must remember Thee :—
- 5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me ;—

ON THE SABBATH, LORD'S SUPPER, &c. 231  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I *remember Thee*.

- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind, and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
JESUS, *remember me. a*

MONTGOMERY.

249.

The Believer's wish presented at the Lord's Table.—  
Psalm xxvii. 4. *One thing have I desired of the Lord.*

- 1 If dust and ashes might presume,  
Great God to talk to thee,  
If in thy presence can be room  
For guilty worms like me;  
I humbly would my *wish* present,  
For *wishes* I have none,  
All my desires are now content,  
To be compriz'd in *one*.
- 2 I would not sue for length of days,  
For Honour or for Wealth;  
Nor that which far surpasses these,—  
Uninterrupted health.  
I would not ask a Monarch's Heir,  
Or Counsellor to be;  
A better Wisdom I would share,  
A nobler pedigree.
- 3 Not joy, nor strength, would I request,  
Though neither I condemn;  
But would petition to be blest  
With what transcendeth them.  
'Tis not that Angels might convey,  
My soul this night to Heav'n;  
Thy time, with patience, I can stay,  
Since all my sin's forgiv'n.
- 4 Nor would I crave in highest state,  
At thy right hand to sit;  
*a Luke xxiii. 39—43.*

(The suit of Zeb'dees sons) for *that*  
I *know* myself unfit.

Nor in thy church on earth would strive,  
A pompous post to fill;

For fear I might not well perceive,  
Or fail to do—*thy will*.

5 The single boon I would entreat,  
Is to be led by thee,

To gaze upon thy bloody sweat,  
In sad Gettsemane:

To view (as I could bear at least)  
Thy tender broken heart,

Like a rich olive, bruis'd and prest,  
With agonizing smart.

6 To see thee bow'd beneath my guilt,  
Intolerable load!

To see thy blood for sinners spilt,  
My Saviour! and my God!

With sympathizing grief to mourn,  
The sorrows of thy soul;

The pangs and tortures by Thee borne,  
In some degree condole.

7 For this *one* favour oft I've sought,  
And if this *one* be giv'n,

I seek on Earth no happier lot,  
To pave my way to heav'n.

Lord, pardon what I ask amiss,  
For knowledge I have none;

I do but humbly speak *my wish*,  
And may *thy will* be done!

HARTE.

## 250.

Morning hymn.—Psalm v. 3. *My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
Thy daily stage of duty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mispent, redeem;  
Each present day, thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

- 2 In conversation be sincere;  
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear;  
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,  
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.  
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part;  
Who all night long, unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

- 3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.  
Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

BISHOP KENN.

## 251.

*Evening hymn.—Psalm cxxi. 4, 5. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.*

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own Almighty wings.  
Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 2 Teach me to live—that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed—  
To die—that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul, on Thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;  
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
 To serve my God when I awake.

- 3 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No powers of darkness me molest.  
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KENN.

## 252.

Confidence in the Divine Protection.—Psalm xci. 9, 10, 11. *Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation ; There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Isaiah lx. 18 But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.*

- 1 WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse  
 Continual watchings to keep,  
 And, punctual as midnight renews,  
 Demand the refreshment of sleep ;  
 A sov'reign Protector I have,  
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand,  
 Unchangeably faithful to save,  
 Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 From evil secure, and its dread,  
 I rest, if my Saviour is nigh,  
 And songs his kind presence indeed  
 Shall in the night season supply ;  
 He smiles, and my comforts abound,  
 His grace as the dew shall descend,  
 And walls of salvation surround  
 The soul he delights to defend.
- 3 Kind Author and Ground of my hope,  
 Thee, thee, for my God I avow,

My glad Ebenezer set up,  
 And own thou hast help'd me till now ;  
 I muse on the years that are past,  
 Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd,  
 Nor wilt thou relinquish at last  
 A sinner so signally lov'd.

4 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,  
 To watch while thy saints are asleep,  
 By day and by night they attend,  
 The heirs of salvation to keep ;  
 Bright seraphs dispatch'd from the throne,  
 Repair to the stations assign'd,  
 And angels elect are sent down,  
 To guard the elect of mankind.

5 Thy worship no interval knows,  
 Their fervour is still on the wing :  
 And while they protect my repose,  
 They chant to the praise of my King :  
 I too, at the season ordain'd,  
 Their chorus for ever shall join,  
 And love, and adore, without end,  
 Their faithful Creator, and *mine*.

TOPLADY.

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XXIX. FOR THE HEATHEN AND JEWS, &c.

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 253.

Blindness of the Heathen — Psalm cxv. 2, 4, 8. *Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God? Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.*

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral stand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains,  
 Roll down their golden sand ;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,

- They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile ;  
 In vain, with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strewn,  
 The Heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted  
 By wisdom from on high ;  
 Shall we to man benighted  
 The lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft ye winds his story,  
 And you ye waters roll,  
 Till like a sea of glory  
 It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

BISHOP HEBER.

## 254.

The Christian's duty towards the Heathen.—Matthew x.  
 8. *Freely ye have received, freely give.* Mark xvi. 15.  
*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*

- 1 CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope we know,  
 Which soothes the heart in every wo,  
 While heathens, helpless, hopeless lie ;  
 No ray of glory meets their eye :  
 —O give to their desiring sight  
 The hope that Jesus brought to light !

- 2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace,  
Which cheers believers in their race:  
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,  
See millions hastening to the tomb:  
—To heathen lands that grace convey,  
Which trains the soul for endless day.
- 3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,  
In which the soul is cleansed for God:  
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,  
Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell:  
—O strive that heathens soon may view  
That precious blood, which cleanseth you.

CAWOOD.

## 255.

Destruction of Jerusalem, and outcast state of the Jews.  
—Matthew xxvii. 25. *Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children.* Matthew xxiii. 38. *Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.* Mark xiii. 2. *And Jesus answering, said unto him, Secst thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.*

- 1 O H! fair and favoured city, where of old  
The balmy airs were rich with melody,  
That led her pomp, beneath the cloudless sky,  
In vestments flaming with the orient gold;  
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,  
The Heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.
- 2 How stately then, was every palm-deck'd  
street  
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling  
feet;  
How proud the elders in the lofty gate!  
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts!  
With white-rob'd Levites, and high-mitred  
priests;  
How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state!

3 Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for  
slaves,

Her gates thrown down, her elders in their  
graves,

Her feasts are holden mid the Gentiles' scorn,  
By stealth her priesthood's holy garments  
worn,

And where her Temple crown'd the glittering  
rock,

The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

4 Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee?

Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation?  
Look down! look down avenged Calvary!

Upon thy late, yet dreadful expiation.  
Oh! long-foretold, though slow-accomplish'd  
fate!

“ Her house is left unto her desolate,”  
Proud Cæsar's ploughshare o'er her ruins  
driven,

Fulfils at length the tardy doom of Heaven,  
The wrathful vial's drops at length are pour'd  
On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord.

MILMAN.

## 256.

Prayer for the Jews.—Romans x. 1. *Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel, is, that they might be saved.* Romans xi. 26. *And so all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob.*

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear  
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed;  
Justly they claim unceasing prayer  
From us, adopted in their stead;  
Who mercy through their fall obtain,  
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 But hast thou finally forsook?  
For ever cast thy own away?

Wilt thou not bid thy murd'ers look  
 On Him they pierced, and mourn, and pray ?  
 Oh ! let this branch that wither'd lies  
 Again revive, and blooming rise.

- 3 Come, then, thou great Redeemer, come,  
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;  
 Now call thy once lov'd people home,  
 Rejoicing in redeeming love !  
 For, gracious Lord ! thy word is past,  
 That Isr'el shall be saved at last.

## 257.

The Jews brought in and made one with the Gentiles.—  
 Romans xi. 25. *For I would not, brethren, that ye should  
 be ignorant of this mystery, (lest ye should be wise in  
 your own conceits,) that blindness in part is happened to  
 Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in.* Col.  
 iii. 11. *Where there is neither GREEK nor JEW, circum-  
 cision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor  
 free, but Christ is ALL and in ALL.*

- 1 DISOWN'D of Heav'n, by man oppress,  
 Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground,  
 Wherefore should Isr'el's sons, once blest,  
 Still roam the scorning world around ?  
 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;  
 The sever'd olive branch again  
 Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 2 Lord visit thy forsaken race ;  
 Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring ;  
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,  
 To hail in Christ their promised King.  
 While Judah views his birth-right gone,  
 With contrite shame his bosom move,  
 The Saviour he deny'd—to own,  
 The Lord he crucify'd—to love.
- 3 O may the curse their anger brought,  
 No longer rest on Abra'm's seed !

O may the blood their madness sought,  
 For ransom not for vengeance plead.  
 Haste glorious day! expected long!  
 When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour,  
 With eager feet one temple throng,  
 One God with grateful praise adore.

## 258.

Universal praise from all Nations.—Psalm lxxvii. 5, 6, 7.  
*Let the people praise thee, O God, let ALL the people  
 praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and  
 God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us,  
 and ALL the ends of the earth shall fear him.*

- 1 FROM ALL that dwell below the skies  
 Let the Creator's praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue,  
 Eternal are thy mercies Lord;  
 Eternal truth is in thy word:  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 Your lofty themes ye mortals bring,  
 In songs of praise divinely sing;  
 The great salvation loud proclaim,  
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.  
 In ev'ry land begin the song;  
 To ev'ry land the strains belong:  
 In cheerful sounds your voices raise,  
 And FILL THE WORLD with loudest praise.

## APPENDIX.

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This appendix is subjoined partly for the admission of some pieces which could not find a place among the systematically arranged subjects, in the preceding selection of Sacred Hymns and Poetry, but, especially for the purpose of noticing two evils, which, respectively, involve a great deal of suffering in their subjects, with no small degree of guilt in the agents who inflict them. That "abomination which maketh desolate" the shores of Africa, to people the Western Isles with a degraded, oppressed, and injured race, is so ably treated in Montgomery's exquisite and *well known* poem of the West Indies, that it may seem equally *unnecessary* to refer to it at all, and *bold* to give *extracts* from a work where *all* is beautiful, and feeling, and just. But this little book is chiefly designed for, and will be very accessible to, the rising generation. In venturing to present to them many important Christian doctrines and duties in a poetical form, it would also give a name and a place, in its pages, to some of the *very few* pieces to be found on this affecting subject, to aid in forming in them feelings and principles of Justice and Humanity. On them, will probably devolve, the duty and pleasure of extirpating slavery, when they will not, by supineness and ignorance, participate, (as their forefathers have done for nearly two centuries,) in this grievous national sin, which at once deprives a portion of the human race of the natural prerogative of personal liberty, and, in a great measure, excludes them from benefiting by the last command of the Saviour, binding on all who have the light of His word, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*" The other subject relates to that portion of God's creatures, which occupy a much lower degree in the scale of being, yet, "have an interest *all*, All in the Universal Father's love,"—as formed by His power, and sustained by His beneficence, in whom "*we all live, and move, and have our being.*" Given to the care of man, and for his use, they are, though themselves guiltless, involved in the effects of that first sin, which hath substituted vanity, and toil, and suffering, and death, for the original goodness and happiness of God's work, for, it is in consequence of it that "*the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, until now.*" The extracts

## APPENDIX.

are from the pages of the humane Cowper, who seems the only poet that has with equal justness and feeling treated of this subject. If man be God's vicegerent on earth, why is he known *only* as a tyrant and oppressor? Why does he not imitate the Supreme Sovereign, in dispensing bounties on all around, and in delighting to add to the sum of enjoyment and happiness throughout animated nature? Why is the needful, and, when done with *mercy, guiltless* act of taking away life to sustain his own, performed by lingering modes, and with a refinement in cruelty, to gratify his base epicurism? It is that he "*regardeth not the LIFE of his beast,*" nor in it respects the *work* of Deity, who alone *can* give and maintain LIFE. There is a moral turpitude in such acts, that escapes not the observant frown of Him, whose Infinite Benevolence, while it forms the sole happiness of the highest archangel that bows, with veiled face, in His presence, extends to the utmost limits of Creation and animal life, "*feeding the young ravens when they cry unto Him,*"

"Who bids the moss, with living greenness,  
Clothe the naked rocks, that *happiness*  
May flow down to the grasshopper,  
And creatures *more minute.*"

In Foster's Essay on popular Ignorance, pages 111. to 118. this evil is justly stigmatized as a national sin, originating in early ignorance, and destructive of sympathy in after life. As a useful work to circulate in Schools, and among the junior classes of the Community, with a view to awaken an interest in this subject, there is, to be had, (it is believed) an abridgement of a larger work, entitled, An Essay on Humanity to Animals, by the Rev. Thomas Young, a clergyman of the church of England, published by Rivington and Co. St. Paul's Church-Yard, for the Christian Knowledge Society.

## ON SLAVERY.



## 1.

*To Britain on Slavery.*

1 WHAT, though thou bask in fortune's smiles,  
Proud mistress of a thousand isles,  
On the subject sea, like a Halcyon's nest,  
Yet a cloud is gathering in the west.

2 A groan comes o'er the western wave ;  
It is the groan of the tortured slave ;  
He knows no Heaven, so he prays to thee,  
Thou stay of the wretched, thou land of the free.

3 Yet the groan and the prayer ascend on high,  
And they pierce the vaults of the arched sky ;  
And the ear of Him, who heareth prayer,  
Is not shut to the voice of the slave's despair.

4 His vengeance tarries—His mercy still  
Gives thee the choice to turn from ill ;  
While the plague, and the sword, impatient wait,  
For the word of Him—whose word is Fate.

5 That word went forth,—and the blood bought  
gold

Fell from the Spaniard's fainting hold ;  
And the Frenchman sunk to his Haytian grave,  
Beneath the shout of the conquering slave.

6 On *them*, and for *thee* was the judgment sent,  
Thou Queen of the Islands, Repent—Repent—  
Be the strength of thine arm extended to save—  
Break thou the bonds of the burdened slave.

7 And break the heavier bonds of his soul,—  
Bid the dark clouds of error asunder roll ;  
And pour on the benighted eye,  
The light of the day-spring from on high.

8 Give as to thee was freely given,  
 Thy richest of blessings, the pure word from  
     Heav'n ;  
 Tell the Slave who shrunk at a master's nod,  
 ' Be the *equal of man*, and the *servant of God*.'  
C. H. T.

## 2.

*Magnitude of the evil of Slavery. \**

OH, most degrading of all ills that wait  
 On man, a mourner in his best estate,  
 All other sorrows virtæ may endure,  
 And find submission more than half a cure :  
 Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd  
 T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,  
 To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,  
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace :  
 But SLAVERY ! virtue dreads it as her grave ;  
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave.  
 Or, if the will and sov'reignty of God  
 Bid suffer it a while, and kiss the rod ;  
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,  
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.  
 Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,  
 That has a *heart* and *life* in it,—*Be free !*  
 The beasts are chartered—neither age nor force  
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse ;  
 He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,  
 And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,  
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,  
 Loose fly his forelock, and his ample mane,  
 Responsive to the distant neigh,—he neighs }  
 Nor stops, till overleaping all delays, }  
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze. }

\* Two of the best pamphlets now in circulation by the Antislavery Society, for those desiring information, are, *A view of Slavery as stated by the Colonists themselves*, and *England enslaved by her own Slave Colonies*.

Canst thou, and honoured with a Christian name,  
 Buy what is *woman-born*, and feel *no shame*? a  
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead  
*Expedience* as a warrant for the deed?  
 So may the *wolf*, whom famine has made bold,  
 To quit the forest, and invade the fold;  
 So may the *ruffian*, who, with ghostly glide,  
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side,  
 Not *he*, but his *emergence*, forced the door,  
 He found it *inconvenient* to be poor.  
 Has God then given its sweetness to the cane,  
 Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain?  
 Built a brave world which cannot yet subsist,  
 Unless His right to rule it be dismiss'd?  
 Impudent blasphemy!—So *folly* pleads,  
 And, *av'rice* being *judge*, with ease succeeds.

COWPER.

## 3.

*Home dear to us all.*

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
 And milder moons emparadise the night;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:  
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to *that* pole,  
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar Grace,  
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.  
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,

*a Deuteronomy xxiv. 7, 14, 15.*

While in his soften'd looks benignly blend  
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :  
 Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,  
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life,  
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.

" Where shall that land, that spot of earth be  
 found ? "

Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around ;  
 O, thou shalt find howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
 That land *thy country*, and that spot *thy home* !

MONTGOMERY.

#### 4.

*The Negro also loves his Home.*

AND is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth ?  
 Is *he* alone a stranger on the earth ?  
 Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears  
 So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears ?  
 No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart  
 Ice through his veins, and lightning through his  
 heart ?

Ah ! yes ; beneath the beams of brighter skies,  
 His *home* amidst his father's *country* lies ;  
 There with the partner of his soul he shares  
 Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares ;  
 There, as with nature's warmest filial fire,  
 He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire ; \*  
 His children sporting round his hut behold  
 How they shall cherish him when he is old,  
 Train'd by example from their tenderest youth  
 To deeds of charity and words of truth. †

\* Montgomery's note on this line, quotes from Dr. Winterbotham, " The respect which the Africans pay to *old people* is very great.—One of the severest insults that can be offered to an African, is to speak disrespectfully of his mother. " Strike me," says one, " but do not curse my mother."

† And on this line from Park's travels, " One of the first lessons the Mandingo women teach their children, is the practice of Truth. It was a consolation for a Negro woman, whose son had been murdered by the Moors, that " *the poor boy had never told a lie.*"

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,  
 Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand;  
 Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,  
 The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled;  
 Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,  
 They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone:  
 While from the coast, with wide and wider  
 sweep,

The race of Mammon dragg'd across the deep  
 Their sable victims, to that western bourn,  
 From which no traveller might e'er return.

MONTGOMERY.

## 5.

*The Negro torn from his Home and Country.*

'Twas night: his babes around him lay at rest,  
 Their mother slumber'd on his father's breast:  
 A yell of murder rang around their bed;  
 They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims  
 fled;

Fortisprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,  
 They caught, they bound, they drove them far  
 away;

The white man bought them at the mart of blood;  
 In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;  
 Then were the wretched ones *asunder* torn,  
 To *distant* isles, to *separate* bondage borne,  
 Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief  
 That misery loves,—the *fellowship* of grief.  
 The Negro, spoiled of all that nature gave  
 The freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave,  
 His passive limbs to measured tasks confined,  
 Obey'd the impulse of another mind;  
 A silent, secret, terrible control,  
 That ruled his sinews, and repressed his soul.  
 Not for himself he waked at morning-light,  
 Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night;  
 His rest, his labour, pastime, strength, and health,  
 Were only portions of a master's wealth.

MONTGOMERY.

## 6.

*The sufferings of the Negro in crossing the ocean from Africa to the West Indies. \**

WHEN the loud trumpet of eternal doom  
 Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;  
 When, with the mother's pangs, the expiring earth  
 Shall bring her children forth to second birth;  
 Then shall the seas mysterious caverns, spread  
 With human relics, render up their dead:  
 Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,  
 Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,  
 In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts  
 Of ocean-slumberers join their wandering  
 ghosts,

Along the melancholy gulf, that roars  
 From Guinea to the Charibbean shores.  
 Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,  
 From age to age the shark's appointed prey,  
 By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,  
 Or headlong plung'd alive into the main,  
 Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,  
 And call down vengeance on their murderer's  
 heads.

MONTGOMERY.

## 7.

*The Negro's Complaint.*

- 1 FORC'D from home and all its pleasures,  
 Afric's coast I left forlorn;  
 To increase a stranger's treasures,  
 O'er the raging billows borne.  
 Men from England bought and sold me,  
 Paid my price in paltry gold:  
 But, though slave they have enroll'd me,  
 Minds are never to be sold.
- 2 Still, in thought, as free as ever,  
 What are England's rights, I ask,

\* For the horrors of the Middle Passage, see Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

Me from my delights to sever,  
Me to torture, me to task ?  
Fleecy locks, and black complexion,  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same.

3 Why did all-creating Nature  
Make the plant, for which we toil ?  
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.  
Think, ye masters iron-hearted,  
Lolling at your jovial boards ;  
Think how many backs have smarted  
For the sweets, your cane affords.

4 Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,  
Is there one, who reigns on high ?  
Has HE bid you buy and sell us,  
Speaking from His throne the sky ?  
Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,  
Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
Are the means, that duty urges  
Agents of His will to use ?

5 Hark ! He answers—wild tornadoes,  
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks ;  
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
Are the voice, with which He speaks.  
He, foreseeing what vexations  
Afric's sons should undergo,  
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations  
Where His whirlwinds answer—no.

6 By our blood in Afric wasted,  
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain ;  
By the mis'ries that we tasted,  
Crossing in your barks the main ;  
By our suff'rings, since ye brought us  
To the man-degrading mart ;  
All sustain'd by patience, taught us  
Only by a broken heart ;

7 Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
 Till some reason ye shall find  
 Worthier of regard, and stronger  
 Than the *colour* of our kind.  
 Slaves of gold! whose sordid dealings  
 Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,  
 Prove that you have human feelings,  
 Ere you proudly question ours.

-COWPER.

## 8.

*Loathing Slavery.*

OH! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
 Of unsuccessful, or successful war,  
 Might *never* reach me more. My ear is pain'd,  
 My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report  
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.  
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,  
 It does not *feel* for man; the nat'ral bond  
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax  
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire,  
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
 Not colour'd like his own; and, having pow'r  
 T' enforce the wrong, for *such* a worthy cause  
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.  
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
 Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd  
 Make enemies of nations, who had else,  
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.  
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;  
 And, *worse than all*, and *most* to be deplor'd,  
 As human nature's *broadest, foulest blot*,  
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat  
 With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,  
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.  
 Then *what is man?* And what man, seeing this,  
 And having human feelings, does not *blush*,

And hang his head, to think himself *a man*?  
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
 And *tremble* when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.  
 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
 Just estimation priz'd above all price,  
 I had much rather be myself the slave,  
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
 We have no slaves at home—Then why abroad?  
 And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave  
 That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.  
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
 And let it circulate through ev'ry vein  
 Of *all* your empire; that where Britain's pow'r  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her *mercy* too.

COWPER.

## 9.

*Slavery's Chain.*

- 1 THROUGH a long and drear night of sorrow  
 and scorning,  
 The Negro has groaned in his bondage and  
 pain,  
 His weeping endures—nor joy comes in the  
 morning,  
 For the sorrow that grieves him, is *Slavery's*  
*chain.*
- 2 The mariner, parted from home and its plea-  
 sures,  
 Though blown by the tempest, and tost on the  
 main,  
 By Mem'ry or Hope views the scene of his  
 treasures,  
 And is cheered—for he knows not sad *Sla-*  
*very's chain.*

- 3 The soldier who wanders in far distant regions,  
Or on the red battle-field writhes in his pain,  
'Tis *his country he serves*, in the midst of her  
legions,  
And his yoke, *though it gall*, is not *Slavery's*  
*chain*.
- 4 And he who in foreign lands dwells as a  
stranger,  
*Self-exiled* for honor, for pleasure, or gain ;  
In the desolate clime is encompassed with  
danger,  
But he is not *bound there by Slavery's chain*.
- 5 The poor man who earns by his daily employment,  
The bread of his labour with toiling and pain,  
Has an evening of rest in a *home of enjoyment*,  
For his smiling babes bear not sad *Slavery's*  
*chain*.
- 6 Oh, free then the Negro! Oh, cease from  
oppressing !  
Wipe off from your hands this detestable  
stain ;  
For his portion of wrong, give him double  
in blessing,  
When he springs from the yoke of sad *Slavery's*  
*chain*.
- 7 See! see him arise from his gross degradation,  
To share as a brother, your pleasure and pain;  
To stand by your side as a humanized nation,  
And lose the remembrance of *Slavery's chain*.
- 8 And yet there awaits him a freedom more  
glorious,  
Than that which shall loose him from Cruel-  
ty's reign,

When he bows to the Cross, and in Christ is  
victorious,  
O'er a bondage *more fatal than Slavery's*  
*chain.*

- 9 'Tis the bondage of sin—the oppress'd and  
oppressing  
Alike are the subjects of Satan's domain ;—  
Alike may be freed in Christ's kingdom of  
blessing,  
From Satan, from Sin, and from *Slavery's*  
*chain.* B. A. W.

## 10.

*Certain Slaves tried for rebellion, were convicted, whipped, worked in chains, imprisoned, and banished on such evidence, as follows: "Two free persons of colour, and a Slave at last came forward to state, that they had been at a festive meeting of negroes, where Mr. Wilberforce's name was drunk."—Slave trials at Jamaica.*

- 1 WHAT was their crime? thou white man, say,  
That thus they suffer stripes and shame ;—  
Was it that, stung to madness, they  
Had given your canes to midnight flame?
- 2 And, o'er the fire's consuming flood,  
Say, did they raise the murderous yell?  
And did they quench those fires with blood?  
What was their crime? thou white man, tell.
- 3 "Lost to the sense of right and wrong,  
"And fearless of the law's dread force,  
"The wretches dared, mid feast and song,  
"To pledge the health of WILBERFORCE!
- 4 Was *that* their crime? thou stand'st amaz'd  
Thou tyrant white,—I tell thee then,  
Had Britain heard the pledge they rais'd,  
Britain had join'd her loud Amen!—
- 5 When good men seek the mercy seat,  
That name in prayer ascends on high,  
And when the friends of freedom meet,  
That name is still their gathering cry.

- 6 The time is near—the time is near—  
 When *all* your isles shall hear his name,  
 Not *whisper'd* thus with jealous fear,  
 BUT IN THE FREEMAN'S LOUD ACCLAIM.

C. H. T.

## 11.

*An African Prince in England, having been asked what he had given for his watch? replied, 'What I will never give again.—I gave a fine boy for it.'*

- 1 WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,  
 And selfish views alone bear sway;  
 Man turns a savage to his kind,  
 And blood and rapine mark his way.  
 Alas! for this poor glittering toy,  
 I sold a blooming Negro boy.
- 2 His father's hope, his mother's pride,  
 Tho' black, yet comely to the view;  
 I tore him helpless from their side,  
 And gave him to a ruffian crew.—  
 To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,  
 I sold the blooming Negro boy.
- 3 From country, friends, and parents torn,  
 His tender limbs in chains confin'd,  
 I saw him o'er the billows borne,  
 And mark'd his agony of mind:  
 But still to gain this glittering toy,  
 I gave away the Negro boy.
- 4 In isles that deck the western wave,  
 I doom'd the hapless youth to dwell,  
 A poor, forlorn, insulted slave;  
 A beast that white men buy and sell.—  
 And in their cruel tasks employ,  
 The sadly injured Negro boy.
- 5 His wretched parents long shall mourn,  
 Shall long explore the distant main;  
 In hopes to see the youth return,  
 But all their hopes and sighs are vain.

They never will the sight enjoy,  
Of their lamented Negro boy.

- 6 Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,  
He wears away his youthful prime ;  
Far distant from his native land,  
A stranger in a foreign clime.  
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,  
A poor dejected Negro boy.
- 7 But He who walks upon the wind,  
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high ;  
Who doth the raging tempest bind,  
Or wing the light'ning through the sky.  
In His own time will sure destroy,  
The oppressors of a Negro boy.

MR. SAMWELL.

## 12.

*The Negro's fellowship with us, in the participation of a mortal and immortal nature.*

IN these romantic regions Man grows wild ;  
Here dwells the negro, Nature's outcast child,  
Scorn'd by his brethren ; but his mother's eye,  
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,  
Sees in his flexile limbs, untutor'd grace,  
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face ;  
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,  
The heart of friendship, and the home of love ;  
Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,  
Fierce as his clime, uncultur'd as his plains,  
A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,  
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit ;  
Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,  
An emanation of eternal light,  
Ordain'd, 'midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,  
And shine *for ever*, when the stars expire.  
Is he not MAN, though knowledge never shed  
Her quick'ning beams on his neglected head ?  
Is he not MAN, though sweet religion's voice

Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice?  
 Is *he* not MAN, by sin and suffering tried?  
 Is *he* not MAN, for whom the SAVIOUR died?  
 Belie the Negro's powers:—in headlong will,  
 Christian! *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still;  
 Belie his virtues, since his wrongs began,  
 His follies and his crimes have stamp'd him MAN.  
 MONTGOMERY.

## 13.

*The Negro becomes blessed by the reception of the gospel.*

AND thou, poor Negro! scorn'd of all mankind;  
 Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;  
 Thou dead in spirit! toil-degraded slave,  
 Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave;  
 The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,  
 That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.  
 The captive rais'd his slow and sullen eye;  
 He knew *no friend*, nor deem'd a *friend* was nigh,  
 'Till the *sweet* tones of Pity touch'd his ears,  
 And Mercy bath'd his bosom with her tears;  
 Strange were *those* tones, to *him* those tears were  
     strange,  
 He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,  
 Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,  
 And heard a small still whisper in his heart;  
 A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise  
 From shame on earth to glory in the skies.  
 From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;  
 The *slave* that *heard* them started into *man*:  
 Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,  
 The angel came, his night was turn'd to day;  
 'Arise!' his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;  
 He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.  
 No more to demon-gods, in hideous forms,  
 He prayed for earthquakes, pestilence, and  
     storms,

In secret agony devour'd the earth, \*  
 And while he spared his mother, cursed his birth;  
 To heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,  
 In morning vows, and evening sacrifice;  
 He pray'd for blessings to descend on those,  
 That dealt to him, the cup of *many woes*;  
 Thought of his *home* in Africa forlorn,  
 Yet, while he wept, rejoic'd that he was born,  
 No longer burning with unholy fires,  
 He wallow'd in the dust of base desires;  
 Ennobling virtue fix'd his hopes above,  
 Enlarg'd his heart, and sanctified his love:  
 With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,  
 A *happy pilgrim*, for he *walk'd with God*.

MONTGOMERY.

## 14.

*The privileges and blessedness of Christian Freedom.*

HE is the freeman whom the *truth* makes *free*,  
 And *all* are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
 That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,  
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
 With as much ease as Samson his green wyths.  
 He looks abroad into the varied field  
 Of nature, and, though poor perhaps, compar'd  
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
 Calls the delightful scenery *all his own*.  
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
 And the resplendant rivers. His t'enjoy  
 With a propriety that *none* can feel,  
 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,  
 Can lift to heav'n an *unpresumptuous* eye,  
 And smiling say—'MY FATHER made them all!'  
 Are they not his by a *peculiar* right,  
 And by an *emphasis* of int'rest his,  
 Whose eye they fill with *tears of holy joy*,

\* Montgomery's note on this, says, "The negroes sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth."

Whose heart with *praise*, and whose exalted mind  
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
 That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a  
 world,

So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?  
 Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap  
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good  
 In *senseless riot* ; but ye will not find,  
 In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,  
 A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd  
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,  
 Appropriates nature as *his father's* work,  
 And has a richer use of yours than you.  
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth,  
 Of no mean city ; plann'd or ere the hills  
 Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea  
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.  
 His freedom is the same in ev'ry state ;  
 And no condition of this *changeful* life,  
 So *manifold* in cares, whose ev'ry day  
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :  
 For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,  
 Nor penury, can cripple or confine.  
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there  
 With ease, and is *at large*. Th' oppressor holds  
 His *body* bound ; but knows not what a range  
 His *spirit* takes, *unconscious* of a chain ;  
 And that to bind *him* is a vain attempt,  
 Whom God delights in, and *in whom he dwells*.

COWPER.

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ON HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

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15.

*The usefulness of the animals in aiding our wants.*

DISTINGUISH'D, much by reason, and still more  
 By our capacity of grace divine,  
 From creatures that exist but for our sake,

Which, having serv'd us, perish, we are held  
*Accountable*; and God, some future day,  
Will reckon with us roundly for th' *abuse*  
Of what he deems no *mean* or *trivial* trust.  
Superior as we are, they yet depend  
Not more on human help than *we* on *theirs*.  
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n  
In aid of our defects. In some are found  
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,  
That man's attainments in his own concerns,  
Match'd with th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,  
Are oft-times vanquish'd and thrown far behind.  
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,  
And read with such discernment, in the port  
And figure of the man, his secret aim,  
That oft we owe our safety to a skill  
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.  
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop  
To quadruped instructors, many a *good*  
And *useful* quality, and *virtue* too,  
*Rarely exemplified* among ourselves.  
Attachment never to be wean'd, or chang'd  
By any change of fortune; proof alike  
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;  
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat  
Can move or warp; and gratitude for *small*  
And *trivial* favours, *lasting* as the *life*,  
And glist'ning *even* in the dying eye.

COWPER.

## 16.

*The animals depend on man, and suffer by his cruelty.*

DEPENDENT upon man; those in his fields,  
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof,  
They prove too often at how *dear* a rate  
He *sells* protection.—Witness at his foot  
The spaniel dying, for some venial fault,  
Under dissection of the knotted scourge.—  
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells  
Driv'n to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,

To madness; while the savage at his heels  
 Laughs at the frantic suff'rer's fury spent  
 Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.  
 He, too, is witness, *noblest* of the train  
 That wait on man, the flight-performing horse:  
 With unsuspecting readiness he takes  
 His *murd'rer* on his back, and, push'd all day,  
 With bleeding sides and flanks that heave for life,  
 To the far-distant goal, arrives and dies.  
 So *little* mercy shows who *needs* so much!  
 Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,  
 Denounce no doom on the delinquent?—*None*.  
 He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts  
 (As if barbarity were high desert)  
 Th' inglorious feat, and, clamorous in praise  
 Of the poor brute, seems *wisely* to suppose  
 The honours of his matchless horse *his own*!  
 But many a crime, deem'd innocent on earth,  
 Is *register'd* in *heav'n*; and these, no doubt,  
 Have each their *record*, with a *curse* annex'd.  
 Man *may* dismiss compassion from his heart,  
 But God will *never*. When he charg'd the Jew  
 T' assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise; *a*  
 And when the bush exploring boy, that seiz'd *b*  
 The young, to let the parent bird go free;  
 Prov'd he not plainly that his meaner works  
 Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,  
 ALL in the *universal Father's* love? COWPER.

## 17.

*We should not needlessly destroy life, and should attend,  
 in education, to inculcate humanity.*

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,  
 (Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine  
     sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail,

*a* Deut. xxii. 4. xxv. 4.

*b* Deut. xxii. 6, 7.

Luke xii. 6. 24.

That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;  
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
 The sum is this—If man's convenience, health,  
 Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims  
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—  
*As free to live, and to enjoy that life,*  
*As God was free to form them at the first,*  
 Who, in his sov'reign wisdom, made them all.  
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, *teach your sons*  
 To love it too. The spring-time of our years  
 Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most  
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand  
 To *check* them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,  
 If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,  
 Than *cruelty*, most dev'lish of them all.  
 Mercy to him, that shows it is the rule  
 And righteous limitation of its act,  
 By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty  
     man;  
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
 Shalt *seek it, and not find it in his turn.*

COWPER.

## 18.

*A humane heart feels its happiness increased, by witness-  
 ing happiness even in the lower creatures.*

THE heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
 For human fellowship, as being void  
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
 To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd  
 With sight of animals enjoying life,  
 Nor feels their happiness augment his own.  
 The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade  
 When none pursues, though mere delight of  
     heart,  
 And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;

The horse as wanton and almost as fleet,  
 That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,  
 Then stops and snorts, and throwing high his  
     heels,  
 Starts to the voluntary race again;  
 The very kine that gambol at high noon,  
 The total herd receiving first from one  
 That leads the dance a summons to be gay,  
 Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth  
 Their efforts, yet resolv'd with one consent  
 To give such act an utterance as they may  
 To ecstasy too big to be suppress'd—  
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,  
 With which *kind nature* graces ev'ry scene  
 Where *cruel man* defeats not her design,  
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish  
*All that are capable of pleasure pleas'd,*  
 A far superior happiness to theirs,  
 The comfort of a *reasonable joy*.

COWPER.

## 19.

*The song of the Blackbird indicating the happiness of the creatures in their enjoyments.*

- 1 SWEET bard of the woods, on this still summer even,  
 How lovely, how soft, and how mellow thy lay;  
 It is calm as the earth, it is clear as the heaven,  
 It is soothing and sweet, like the requiem of day.
- 2 O what art thou singing? It speaks to my soul,  
 Methinks I could tell thee the words of thy song;  
*Pure pleasure*, and gratitude beam through the whole,  
 And the summer eve's zephyr conveys it along.
- 3 Thou art singing to him who spread fruit-trees and flowers,  
 And laid out the woods like a garden for thee;

And bid the warm sun light the midsummer  
hours,

And formed thee a bower in many a tree.

4 Sweet minstrel ! sing on, *all in joy as thou art*,  
My spirit grows calm and serene by thy lays ;  
And I think—'Tis a thought that enraptures  
my heart,

JEHOVAH, *all nature is full of thy praise !*

EDMESTON'S LYRICS.

## MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.



## 20.

Cameronian midnight Hymn.—Hebrews xi. 38. *They wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.*

1 OH ! thou that dwell'st in the heavens so high,  
Beyond yon star, within yon sky,  
Where the dazzling fields need no other light,  
Nor the sun by day,—nor the moon by night.

2 Though shining millions around thee stand,  
For the sake of Him at thy right hand,  
Oh ! think on the souls he died for here,  
Thus wand'ring in darkness, in doubt, and  
fear.

3 The powers of darkness are all abroad,  
They own no Saviour, and they fear no God ;  
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,  
Oh ! turn not thou thy face away.

4 Our night is dreary, and dim our day,  
And if thou turn'st thy face away,  
We are sinful, feeble and helpless dust,  
And have none to look to, and none to trust.

5 Thy aid, Oh, mighty One ! we crave,  
Not shorten'd is thy arm to save ;

Afar from thee we now sojourn,  
Return to us, Oh, God, return!

HOGG.

## 21.

*Contrast between Patriots and Christian Martyrs.*

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their country's cause  
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompence. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic  
muse,

Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,  
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,  
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust:  
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid  
To those, who, posted at the shrine of truth  
Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,  
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,  
And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land  
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;  
But martyrs struggle for a *brighter prize*,  
And win it with *more pain*. Their blood is shed  
In confirmation of the noblest claim—  
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,  
To walk with God, to be divinely free,  
To soar, and to anticipate the skies!  
Yet *few* remember *them*. They liv'd unknown  
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,  
And chas'd them up to heaven. Their ashes  
flew,

No marble tells us whither. With their names  
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:  
And history, so *warm* on *meaner* themes,  
Is *cold* on this. She execrates indeed  
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,  
But gives the glorious suff'ers little praise.

COWPER.

## 22.

*Christ's love in forgiving, a pattern to us.*

WHEN on the fragrant SANDAL tree \*  
 The woodman's axe descends,  
 And she who bloomed so beauteously,  
 Beneath the keen stroke bends ;  
 Ev'n on the edge that wrought her death,  
 Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,  
 As if to token in her fall,  
 Peace to her foes, and Love to all.  
 How hardly Man this lesson learns,  
 To smile, and bless the hand that spurns—  
 To see the blow, to feel the pain,  
 But render only Love again :  
 This spirit not to earth is given ;  
 One had it—but HE came from Heaven :  
 Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,  
 No curse HE breathed, no plaint HE made,  
 But when in death's deep pang he sighed,  
 Prayed for his murderers, and died !

EDMESTON'S LYRICS.

## 23.

*Perishing nature of earthly joys.*

ALAS for human raptures ! they are frail  
 As the brief flash that dazzles, and is gone,—  
 To future times a marvel and a tale,  
 While they who felt, unknowing and unknown,  
 Sleep in the grave's cold silence. *That alone,*  
 Which beams triumphant e'en in Death's deep  
 gloom,  
 Is lightly prized, and Oh ! how rarely won !  
 We pluck life's fading flowrets as they bloom,  
 But spurn the only bud, that blows beyond the  
 tomb.

DALE'S IRAD AND ADAH.

\* This tree breathes a delightful odour on the instrument that wounds it.

## 24.

*The soul finding refuge in God.*

How oft beneath his blest and healing wings,  
He would have gathered me, and I would not;  
Like a weak bird, all heedless of my lot,  
Perverse and idle in my wanderings.  
Now my soul would return, and trembling brings  
Her wearied pinion to its wonted rest;  
And faint, with its short flights and flutterings,  
Would seek a refuge in its parent breast.  
O Father! in thy mercy shelter me!  
For I am worn with mortal miseries,  
My dark and earth-entangled spirit free,  
And plume it to ascend its native skies,  
With loosened wing to thy high seat to soar,  
And never to desert its mansion more.

HERBERT.

## 25.

*Christian calmness disturbed.*

- 1 WE walked by the side  
Of the tranquil stream,  
That the sun had tinged  
With his parting beam;  
The water was still,  
And so crystal clear,  
That every spray  
Had its image there.
- 2 And every reed  
That o'er it bow'd,  
And the crimson streak,  
And the silvery cloud,  
And all that was bright,  
And all that was fair,  
And all that was gay,  
Was reflected there.
- 3 And they said it was like  
To the chasten'd breast,

- That religion soothes  
To a holy rest ;  
When sorrow has tam'd  
The impassion'd eye,  
And the bosom reflects  
Its expected sky.
- 4 But I took a stone  
That lay beside,  
And I cast it far  
On the glassy tide ;  
And gone was the charm  
Of the pictur'd scene,  
And the sky so bright,  
And the landscape green.
- 5 And I bade them mark,  
How an idle word,  
*Too lightly said,*  
And *too deeply heard,*  
Or a *harsh* reproof,  
Or a *look unkind,*  
May spoil the peace  
Of the heavenly mind.
- 6 Though sweet be the peace,  
And holy the calm,  
And the heavenly beam  
Be bright and warm ;  
The heart, that it gilds,  
Is all as weak,  
As the wave that reflects  
The crimson streak.
- 7 You cannot impede  
The celestial ray,  
That lights the dawn  
Of eternal day ;  
But so may you trouble  
The bosom it cheers,  
'Twill cease to be true  
To the image it bears.

## 26.

*A Mother's love best shewn in training up her children  
for eternity.*

- 1 A MOTHER'S Love—how *sweet* the name!  
What is a mother's love?  
A noble, pure, and tender flame,  
Enkindled from above,  
To bless a heart of earthly mould;  
The warmest love that *can* grow cold,  
*This is a mother's Love.*
- 2 To bring a helpless babe to light,  
Then while it lies forlorn,  
To gaze upon that dearest sight,  
And feel herself new born,  
In its existence lose her own,  
And live and breathe in it alone;  
*This is a mother's Love.*
- 3 Its weakness in her arms to bear,  
To cherish on her breast,  
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,  
And lull it there to rest;  
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,  
As if to guard from instant death;  
*This is a mother's Love.*
- 4 To mark its growth from day to day,  
Its opening charms admire,  
Catch from its eye the earliest ray  
Of intellectual fire:  
To smile and listen while it talks,  
And lend a finger when it walks,  
*This is a mother's Love.*
- 5 And *can* a mother's Love grow cold?  
Can she *forget* her Boy?  
His pleading innocence behold,  
Nor weep for grief—for joy?  
A mother *may* forget her child  
While wolves devour it on the wild,  
*Is this a mother's Love?*

- 6 Ten thousand voices answer "No!"  
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;  
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow,  
Yet Ah! *remember this*;—  
The infant, rear'd *alone* for earth,  
May live, may die, to curse its birth,  
Is *this* a mother's Love?
- 7 A parent's heart may prove a *snare*,  
The child she loves so well,  
Her hand may lead with *gentlest* care,  
Down the *smooth* road to Hell,  
Nourish its *frame*, destroy its *mind*,  
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,  
Ev'n with a mother's Love.
- 8 Blest infant! whom his mother taught  
Early to seek the Lord,  
And pour'd upon his dawning thought,  
The day-spring of the word;  
This was the lesson to her Son,  
TIME is ETERNITY begun:  
Behold *that* mother's Love! *a*
- 9 Blest mother! who in wisdom's path,  
By *her own* parent trod,  
Thus taught *her* son to flee the *wrath*,  
And know the *fear* of God;  
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,  
Begin ETERNITY in TIME,  
Taught by *that* mother's Love.
- 10 *That* mother's Love! how *sweet* the name!  
What *was* that mother's Love?  
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,  
That kindles from above.  
Within a heart of earthly mould,  
As much of heaven as earth can hold,  
Nor through eternity grows cold,  
*This was that* mother's Love.

MONTGOMERY.

*a* 2 Tim. i. v. 5. and iii. v. 14, 15.

## 27.

A blessing.—Numbers vi. 24—26. *The Lord bless thee, and keep thee : The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee : The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.*

MAY he who erst on Calvary bled

With *all his love* my daughter bless thee ?  
Soft dews of mercy o'er thee shed !

Sustain thy soul when woes oppress thee !

May his unfading rays illume

Life's wilderness of guilt and gloom,

Thy Star of Hope—thy Rock of faith—

Thy light in darkness—life in death !

Though clouds invest that awful throne,

No mortal eye may gaze upon,

*One kindly* beam breaks forth above,

*One ray* of everlasting love.

On earth 'tis but a meteor streaming,

In heaven a Sun of glory beaming ;

The gauds of earth are frail as fair,

Fix then thy warm affections there ;

To Him thy *hopes immortal* raise

And win the *Love* that angels praise.

DALE'S OUTLAW OF TAURUS.

## 28.

*To his Mother's Profile, who died when he was a month old, by Bernard Barton.*

1 I ~~KNEW~~ thee not ! then wherefore gaze

Upon thy silent Shadow there,

That so imperfectly pourtrays,

The form thy features used to wear.

Yet have I often look'd at thee,

As if those lips could speak to me.

2 I *knew* thee not ! and thou could'st know

At least but little more of one,

Whose pilgrimage on earth below,

Commenc'd ere just thy own was done.

For few and fleeting days were thine,  
To hope or fear for lot of mine.

3 Yet few, and fleeting as they were,  
Fancy and feeling picture this,  
They prompted many a fervent pray'r,  
Witness'd perchance a parting kiss:  
And might not kiss and pray'r for me,  
At *such* a season profit me?

4 Whether they did or not I owe,  
At least this tribute to thy worth;  
Though feeble all I can bestow,  
Yet fond affection gives it birth.  
And prompts me as thy shade I view,  
To *bless thee* whom I *never knew*.

## 29.

*The graves of a Household.*

1 THEY grew in beauty, *side by side*,  
They fill'd our house with glee,  
Their graves are sever'd *far and wide*,  
By mountain, stream, and sea.

2 The same fond mother bent at night,  
O'er each fair sleeping brow,  
She had each folded flower in sight,  
Where *are* those dreamers now?

3 One midst the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid,  
The Indian knows *his* place of rest,  
Far in the Cedar shade.

4 The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one,  
He lies, where pearls lie deep;  
He was the *lov'd* of *all*, yet *none*  
O'er his low bed may weep.

5 One sleeps where southern vines are drest,  
Above the noble slain,  
He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
On a blood red field of Spain.

- 6 And one—o'er her the myrtle showr's,  
 Its leaves by soft winds fann'd,  
 She faded midst Italian bowers  
 The last of that bright band.
- 7 And parted thus *they* rest who play'd,  
 Beneath the *same* green tree,  
 Whose voices mingled as they pray'd,  
 Around one parent knee.
- 8 They that with smiles lit up the hall;  
 And cheered with mirth the hearth,—  
 Alas for love! if *this* were all,  
 And nought *beyond* an earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

## 30.

*The Mother's lament for her Infant.*

- 1 PALE and cold is the cheek that my kisses oft  
 press'd,  
 And quench'd is the beam of that bright spark-  
 ling eye,  
 For the soul which its innocent glances con-  
 fess'd,  
 Has flown to its God and its Father on high.
- 2 No more shall the accents, whose tones were  
 more dear  
 Than the sweetest of sounds, even music can  
 make,  
 In notes *full of tenderness*, fall on my ear;  
 If I catch them in dreams, *all is still* when I  
 awake!
- 3 No more the gay smiles that those features  
 display'd  
 Shall transiently light up their own mirth in mine;  
 Yet, though these, and much more be, now  
 cover'd in shade,  
 I must not, I cannot, I dare not repine.
- 4 However enchantingly flattering and fair,  
 Were the hopes, that for thee, I had ventur'd  
 to build,

Can a frail, finite mortal presume to declare,  
That the future those hopes would have ever  
fulfill'd.

5 In the world thou hast left, there is *much* to  
allure

The most innocent spirit from virtue and peace ;  
Hadst thou liv'd, would thy own have been  
equally pure,

And guileless, and happy in age's increase ?

6 Temptation, or sooner, or later, had found  
thee

Perhaps had seduc'd thee from pathways of  
light,

Till the dark clouds of vice, gathering gloomily  
round thee,

Had enwrap't thee *for ever* in horror and night.

7 But *now*, in the loveliest bloom of the soul,  
While thy heart yet was pangless, and true, and  
unstain'd,

Ere the world one *vain wish*, by its *witcheries*  
stole,

What *it* could not confer, thou *for ever* hast  
gain'd !

8 Like a dew-drop, kiss'd off by the sun's morn-  
ing beam,

A brief, but a beauteous existence was given,  
Thy soul seem'd to come down to earth, in a  
dream,

And only to wake when ascended to heaven !

BERNARD BARTON.

### 31.

*A Christian Brother's remembrance of a departed Sister.*

1 FAIR prison of earth's fairest clay

Thy chains are hurst, thy bars are broken,

And I, with mingled grief, survey

Each silent mark, each icy token.

- Thy cheek is fixed, thy brow is bare,  
 Thy lips are pale, thine eye is faded ;  
 Yet never seemed that face so fair,  
 Though bowered in locks that fancy braided.
- 2 Pleasure and health attract the view,  
 Life lights the eye, and gives it splendour ;  
 But death can shed a softer hue,  
 A smile more sweet, a grace more tender.  
 Perchance the smile I loved to trace  
 May give one day a better greeting,  
 And beam upon thy brother's face  
 A welcome to a deathless meeting.
- 3 And thou, sweet Spirit! now set free,  
 Afar from all that love encumbers,  
 I must, must weep—yet envy thee  
 Thy place among the ransomed numbers.  
 I loved thee—yes, bear witness here  
 Thou heart, that felt how hard to sever ;  
 I love thee still, in death more dear,  
 Parted awhile, but not for ever !
- 4 Thy grief, thy bitterness, is o'er,  
 Pardoned thy sin, and healed thy sorrow,  
 And not one cloud shall hover more  
 Across thine everlasting morrow !  
 Then far be grief—I will not mourn ;  
 Why should I view thy gain with sadness  
 I felt a pang when thou wast torn,  
 But love hath melted it to gladness !

EDMESTON'S LYRICS.

## 32.

*A Christian Mother on the death of a darling Child.*

- 1 THERE was the parting sigh ;  
 With that the spirit fled,  
 And wing'd its flight on high,  
 And left the body dead :  
 No prayers, no tears, its flight could stay,  
 'Twas Jesus called the soul away.

- 2 Oh how shall I complain,  
Of him who rules above ;  
Who sends no needless pain,  
Who always smiles in love :  
Who looks in tend'rest pity down,  
Ev'n when he seems to wear a frown !
- 3 The eye of Jesus wept,  
It dropt a holy tear,  
When Mary's brother " slept,"  
A friend to Jesus dear ;  
Delightful thought ! that blessed eye,  
Still beams with kindness in the sky !
- 4 I know my babe is blest,  
Her bliss by Jesus given :  
She's early gone to rest,  
She's found an early heaven ;  
The sigh that closed her eyes on earth  
Was signal of her happier birth.
- 5 But Ah ! my spirits fail,  
I feel a pang untold,  
Those ruby lips so pale !  
That blushing cheek so cold !  
And dim those eyes of " dewy light,"  
That smiled and glanced so sweetly bright.
- 6 As summer-flower she grew,  
Expanding to the morn,  
All gemm'd with sparkling dew,  
A flower without a thorn,  
A mother's sweet and lovely flower,  
Sweeter and lovelier every hour.
- 7 But Ah ! my morning bloom,  
Scarce felt the warming ray ;  
An unexpected gloom  
Obscured the rising day ;  
A dreary, cold, and with'ring blast,  
Low on the ground its beauties cast.

- 8 Its glist'ning leaves are shed,  
That spread so fresh and fair,  
The balmy fragrance fled,  
That scented all the air :  
And lowly laid its lifeless form,  
The gentle victim of the storm !
- 9 But why in anguish weep ?  
Hope beams upon my view,  
'Tis but a winter's sleep—  
My flower shall spring anew,  
Each darling flower in earth that sleeps,  
O'er which fond mem'ry hangs and weeps;—
- 10 All to new life shall rise,  
In heavenly beauty bright,  
Shall charm my ravished eyes  
In tints of rainbow light ;—  
Shall bloom unfading in the skies,  
And drink the dews of Paradise !
- 11 O this is blest relief !  
My fainting heart it cheers ;  
It cools my burning grief,  
And sweetens all my tears,  
These eyes shall see my darling then,  
Nor shed a parting tear again !
- 12 And while my bleeding heart,  
Laments for comforts gone,  
I only mourn a part—  
I am not left alone :  
Though nipt *some* buds of opening joy,  
How many *still* my thanks employ !
- 13 And *thou* ! my second heart,  
Loved partner of my grief,  
Heaven bids not *thee* depart,  
Of earthly joys the chief ;  
A favoured *wife* and *mother* still,  
Let grateful praise my bosom fill !

RALPH WARDLAW.

## 33.

*Contest in Heaven.*

- 1 Among the heavenly choirs above,  
This question rose, and tried their love,  
What rank of all the ransom'd race,  
Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace.  
Babes, thither caught from womb and breast,  
Claim'd right to sing *above* the rest,  
Because they found the happy shore,  
They never saw nor sought before.
- 2 Those that arrived at riper age,  
Before they left the dusky stage;  
Thought grace deserv'd yet higher praise,  
That wash'd the blots of num'rous days.  
Anon the war more close began,  
What praising harp should lead the van;  
And which of grace's heav'nly peers  
Was deepest run in her arrears.
- 3 As *these*, nor *those* would yield the place,  
Loudest to sound redeeming grace.  
"Come then, said they, we'll *all* agree,  
To praise upon the *highest* key."  
Then jointly all the harpers round,  
In mind unite with solemn sound;  
And strokes upon the highest string,  
Made all the heav'nly arches ring.
- 4 Loud rose the hallelujahs high,  
To him that sent his Son to die;  
And to the worthy Lamb of God,  
That lov'd and wash'd them by his blood.  
Of grace, *free* grace, th' inspiring sound,  
Was heard with joyful shouts around,  
Assisting angels clapp'd their wings,  
And sounded "GRACE" on all their strings.
- 5 Thus in sweet, holy, humble, strife,  
Along their joyful endless life;

Of JESUS all the harpers sing,  
 Their LORD, their SAVIOUR, or their KING.  
 Their *discord* makes them all *unite*,  
 In raptures of most *pure* delight ;  
 So great the song ; so grave the bass,  
 Melodious music fills the place.

REV. RALPH ERSKINE.

### 34.

*Contemplating the starry Heavens.*

ONE Sun by day, by night *ten thousand* shine,  
 And light us *deep* into the Deity,  
 How *boundless* in magnificence and might !  
 O ! what a *confluence* of ethereal fires,  
 From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of  
 heaven,  
 Streams to a *point*, and *centers* in my sight,  
 Nor tarries *there* ; I feel it at my heart.  
 My heart at once it *humbles*, and *exalts* ;  
 Lays it in *dust*, and calls it to the *skies*.—  
 Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here :  
 'Thro' this illustrious chaos to the sight  
 Arrangement neat, and chaste order reign :  
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,  
 Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.  
 Worlds, ever thwarting, *never* interfere,  
 They rove for ever, without error rove ;  
 Confusion, unconfus'd ! nor less admire  
 This tumult untumultuous ; all on wing !  
 In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !  
 What fervid action, yet no noise ! as aw'd  
 To silence, by the presence of the Lord ;  
 Or hush'd by his command, in love to man,  
 And bid let fall soft beams on *human rest*,  
 Restless themselves.

YOUNG.

### 35.

*The disappearance of the stars at the dawn of day.*

PENSIVE as I watch'd the night,  
 Many a star was glitt'ring bright,

While their gay, but warmthless rays,  
Wak'd the thoughts of other days;  
Like the joys I knew of old,  
They were bright, but they were cold;  
Parting with the parting shade,  
One by one I saw them fade—  
Duly as the morning clear'd,  
One by one they disappear'd.  
So, before celestial light,  
Sink the joys of nature's night;  
'Twas but folly made them dear,  
'Twas but darkness made them fair.  
As the dawn of grace increases,  
Earth's delusion sinks and ceases;  
Joys that once were all my bliss,  
Fading into nothingness,  
Take them wings, and pass away,  
Lost in everlasting day. CAROLINE FAY.

## 36.

*On seeing the Sun rise.*

To Thee, O Lord, my voice I'll raise,  
At early dawn address my praise!  
I bless Thee for returning light,  
Who wast my safeguard through the night!  
Shelter'd by thy protecting pow'r,  
I've pass'd the dark, the silent hour,  
And now, when light springs from the main,  
And faintly gleams aslant the plain,  
All rich in saffron vest array'd,  
The orient sun bursts through the shade,  
High pois'd by Thee, who gav'st him birth,  
Th' Almighty Lord of heav'n and earth.  
"I praise Thee for returning light,  
Who wast my safeguard through the night."—  
To contemplate this view sublime,  
And look beyond the bounds of time,  
Exalts the soul, refines the mind,  
And frees it from the chains, that bind,

And sink, it to terrestrial things,  
 Grant then, on faith's extatic wings!  
 Grant me thine aid, O Lord! to soar,  
 And grovel on the earth no more.  
 All earthly pleasures quickly fade;  
 Ev'n friendship oft denies its aid  
 To sooth the sorrowing mourner's breast,  
 And charm the wounded heart to rest.  
 Religion's paths are peaceful, pure,  
 The world may frown, *her* smiles are sure;  
 Whilst steady faith's celestial ray,  
 Shall gild life's transient, setting day. E. B.

## 37.

*Superiority of mind over matter in the intelligence and  
 infinite value of the human soul.*

BETHINK thee, slumberer, whom thou wouldst  
 adore!

Not that illustrious Idol; but the Power  
 Who lighted up its lustre; in whose grasp  
 The *fancied* God, by sages idoliz'd  
 That knew not half its grandeur,—the vast orb,  
 Whose bright diamater a hundred earths  
 Would scantily measure, is but as a lamp;—  
 One midst the countless lamps His hand upholds  
 And feeds with brightness.—From this solar  
 lamp,

Whose shining mass a million fold exceeds  
 Our "Atom World," yet, by remoteness shrinks  
 To a mere disk, He bids the radiance fall  
 On every rolling mountain of the floods,  
 On every trembling drop that gems the plains,  
 Tinge with its rosy touch the giant peaks  
 Of the firm Andes, and the bending cup  
 Of the *minutest* flower; exhale, at morn,  
 The dews that fertilize a hemisphere,  
 And dry some swift ephemeron's folded wing;  
 Blaze in its torrid strength o'er sandy zones,  
 Yet cheer the living microscopic mote

Which flutters in its glow.—Thou worshippest  
 Him, [quench  
 Who fix'd this gorgeous lamp, but who *can*  
 And spare its splendour; *can* reveal his works  
 And *bless them*, were *that orb extinct*, and heaven  
 Grown *starless* at his word; who, when he made  
 Thee, *conscious spirit*, of the Eternal mind  
 Reflective, wrought a work *more marvellous*,  
*More sumptuous*, than a Galaxy of Suns!  
 He is the Sun of spirits, and His beams  
 Of *all-pervading*, *all-awakening* thought,  
 Irradiate every Angel's intellect,  
 Yet touch with gentlest light an *infant Soul*!

SHEPPARD.

## 38.

*Lines on a Family burial ground.\**

- 1 HUSH! 'tis a sacred spot—  
 Intrude not on the silence of the dead—  
 It seems as e'en the gentlest breeze forgot  
 To murmur wildly o'er that lowly bed,
- 2 And yet, methinks, I hear  
 Mid that deep calm, a solemn sighing sound;  
 Is it a spirit's moan, so sad, so drear,  
 Which those grey walls do mournfully resound?
- 3 O No! the silent dead  
 Ne'er mourn, nor weep, nor ever heave a sigh;  
 But tranquilly they lay their weary head  
 On Death's cold pillow—and in slumber lie.

\* This piece, and the one that follows it, are the productions of a dear young friend of 14 years of age, and are inserted as a token of affection for her early worth. The burial ground referred to, is a ruined aisle of an ancient church. Through the stone-work of a Gothic window, wreathed round with ivy and creeping plants, are discernible the graves of the family, covered with dark luxuriant grass, and decorated with laurel, roses, and other sweet flowers. The sighing of the wind through the foliage of the surrounding plantations, and the murmuring of an adjacent river, over its rocky bed, lull the mind to contemplation.

4 What was it then that sigh'd?

'Twas Nature melted by a scene so fair—  
She from her bright blue eye, a tear-drop dried,  
And let it fall upon the green grass *there*.

5 The sigh that left her breast,  
Came gently rustling thro' the hallow'd aisle,  
Mid the brown leaves which strew'd that place  
of rest,—

Yet it was calm and quiet all the while.

6 The silver moon on high  
Look'd down so pensively upon the scene,  
Methought her pale, wan cheek, and tearful eye,  
Were sadly bent on this lone spot of green.

7 Behold that mould'ring wall!  
Protected by the mantling ivy's shade,  
From every storm which rudely there might fall,  
Disturbing all the stillness of the glade.

8 But look, Oh! look once more,  
Affection's hand hath deck'd that solitude  
With many a lovely plant and beauteous flow'r,  
Which sip from Nature's cup their dewy food.

9 These all must droop and die,  
When Winter's stormy blast sweeps o'er the  
plain;

But under gentle Spring's more genial sky,  
*They soon* will blossom, gay, and fresh again.

10 And there will dawn a morn,  
When Death's own subjects from the tomb shall  
rise,

And when the slumb'ring tenants of the urn,  
On endless day shall ope their long clos'd eyes.

M. T.

### 39.

#### *On Youth.*

'Tis the sun in the morning, the moon at night,  
'Tis all that is lovely all that is bright;—

Oh! it is a rose-bud, immers'd in dew,  
Just op'ning to th' admiring view,  
For a tear oft bedims the youthful eye,  
And the youthful breast oft heaves a sigh,  
And yet it is beauteous and joyful and gay,  
Oh! it is the morn of a summer's day;—  
'Tis a lambkin that frisks in the meadow so green,  
So sportive and gentle it brightens the scene;—  
'Tis a seabird that plays on the white foaming  
wave,

And on the rude billows its bosom doth lave;  
So thoughtless of danger, so ardent and bold,  
That fetters of iron its spirit can't hold;—  
'Tis a delicate flow'r, which the winter's blast  
Lays low on a naked and desolate waste;—  
'Tis a rainbow whose colours too soon die away;—  
'Tis a vapour which melts at the dawn of day;—  
'Tis a streamlet which through some lone wil-  
derness glides,

For onward it *swiftly* and *silently* slides;—  
Oh! it is a smile upon nature's brow;—  
'Tis a snow-drop which in her sweet garden  
doth grow;—

'Tis a golden vista, through which life appears,  
And gilds with its lustre this valley of tears.  
And yet it is something that's brighter than all,  
'Tis the fairest upon this terrestrial ball;—  
'Tis the noblest work of God, in its prime,  
'Tis Youth—unmarr'd by the hand of Time.  
Yet Oh! 'tis uncertain how long it may last,  
But virtue endureth when Beauty is past;  
That spirit so dauntless, so gentle, so gay,  
When owning Religion's all powerful sway,  
Becomes so transcendantly beauteous and fair,  
And an aspect so bright and so glorious doth  
wear,

We could fancy it come from the regions of bliss,  
To view for one moment a world like this,

And then to return in a chariot of fire,  
To *that* land where our hopes and our wishes  
aspire.

M. T.

## 40.

*Extract from Montgomery's lines on the death of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, drowned while bathing, aged 20 years and 6 months.*

- 1 OH! there was one—on earth awhile  
He dwelt, but transient as a smile  
That turns into a tear :  
His beauteous image pass'd us by,  
He came like lightning from the sky,  
He seemed as dazzling to the eye,  
As prompt to disappear.
- 2 Sweet in his undissembling mien  
Were genius, wisdom, meekness seen,  
The lips that lov'd the truth ;  
The single eye, whose glance sublime  
Looked to Eternity through Time,  
The soul, whose thoughts were wont to climb  
Beyond the hopes of youth.
- 3 Of old before the lamp grew dark, a  
Reposing near the sacred ark,  
The child of Hannah's prayer  
Heard, 'midst the temple's silent round,  
A living voice, nor knew the sound  
That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found  
The Lord who chose him, there.
- 4 Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,  
A prophet from a child approved,  
Spencer his course began :  
From strength to strength, from grace to  
Swiftest, and foremost in the race, [grace,  
He carried victory in his face,  
He triumphed while he ran.
- 5 How short his day ! the glorious prize  
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,  
Appeared too quickly won :  
a 1 Samuel iii.

The warrior marched into the field  
 With arm invincible, to wield  
 The Spirit's sword—the Spirit's shield,  
 When lo! the fight was done.

6 The loveliest star of evening's train  
 Sets early in the western main,  
 And leaves the world to night :  
 The brightest star of morning's host  
 Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost,—  
 Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,—  
 Thus sprung his soul to light.

7 Who shall forbid the eye to weep  
 That saw him from the ravening deep  
 Pluck'd like the Lion's prey?  
 For ever bowed his honored head,  
 The Spirit in a moment fled,  
 The heart of friendship cold and dead,  
 The limbs a wreath of clay.

8 Revolving his mysterious lot,  
 I mourn him, but I praise him not,  
 To God the praise be given ;  
 Who sent him like the radiant bow,  
 His covenant on earth to shew,  
 Athwart the passing storm to glow,  
 Then vanish into Heaven.

41.

*Those who are early fit for glory are early taken to it.*

SHORT here thy stay ! for souls of holiest birth  
 Dwell but a moment with the sons of earth ;  
 To this dim sphere by God's indulgence giv'n,  
 Their friends are *Angels*, and there home is  
*Heaven.*—

The fairest rose in shortest time decays ; [rays  
 The Sun, when brightest, soon withdraws his  
 The dew that gleams like diamonds in the thorn,  
 Melts instantaneous at the breath of morn ;  
 Too soon a rolling shade of darkness shrouds  
 The star that smiles amid the evening clouds,

And sounds that come so sweetly on the ear,  
 That the soul wishes every sense could hear,  
 Are as the light's unwearied pinions fleet,  
 As scarce as beauteous, and as short as sweet.

WILSON.

## 42.

### *The End of the Year.*

- 1 THE watch is past!—another year,  
 Another transient year is gone,—  
 Like waters that we cannot hear,  
 To seas that are unknown—  
 Like arrow from the elastic string,  
 Whose trackless path no gazer knew—  
 Like shadow's evanescent wing,  
 That over Carmel flew—
- 2 Like sweeping of the midnight wind,  
 That died through Hinnom's dreary plain,—  
 'Tis gone!—but marks are left behind  
 That ever shall remain.  
 It leaves no trace upon the sky,  
 No furrow in the ocean-wave;  
 Its griefs in human hearts do lie—  
 Its ruins in the grave.
- 3 Ah! many a happy wife that hailed  
 The dawning of the last year's morn,  
 Is now, when every hope hath failed,  
 A widow all forlorn.  
 And many a prattling child that played  
 Around a father's, mother's knees,  
 Is now a bloom without a shade,  
 A leaflet in the breeze.
- 4 And many a man of wealth and power,  
 Whose heart was proud, whose brow was  
 Is trod like a neglected flower [high,  
 That on the ground doth lie.  
 And many a maid, whose hopes were bright  
 With all that youth and beauty gave,  
 Is gone from each admirer's sight,  
 And hidden in the grave.

- 5 Such are the ravages of time!  
 Though passing by on silent foot,  
 'He brings the bud, the blossom's prime,  
 The autumn's mellow fruit :  
 He brings us to this mortal life,  
 And through each scene of being here :  
 He brings us joy, he brings us strife,  
 He brings us hope and fear.
- 6 But, lo ! he sends the wintry storm,  
 To blight each leaf, to blast each bloom !  
 And lo ! he sends the human form  
 To moulder in the tomb !  
 Thus, year by year, man's race is run,  
 And whose in this no mortal knows :  
 But many see it now begun  
 That ne'er shall see it close.

KNOX'S SONGS OF ISRAEL.

## 43.

*The end of all things, when the Saints shall with joy welcome their SAVIOUR in their JUDGE.*

O THOU, on earth beloved, adored,  
 My Friend, my Father, and my Lord !  
 I see thee now without a veil—  
 Help ! or my dazzled sight will fail.  
 O ! bear me to that burning throne  
 I scarce can brook to gaze upon,  
 And give my kindling soul to prove  
 The raptures of ecstatic love ;  
 And learn unutterable lays,  
 And hymn Thee in eternal praise !  
 Shrink like a scroll, thou frightened sky !  
 Earth—tremble into vacancy !  
 List to the pealing trumpet's swell,  
 Ye hideous depths of death and hell—  
 Burst your strong chain—your gates uncloset—  
 And break the long—the last repose.  
 Blest train of martyr'd Saints, arise !  
 Look upward to your native skies !

Arise! and claim your rich reward,  
And share the triumphs of your Lord.  
Behold the promised golden throne—  
The conquering palm!—th' unfading crown—  
And more than all—that beaming eye  
Whose glance is love and ecstasy!  
But, lo! what sudden splendours beaming  
O'er heaven's illumined arch are streaming,  
What hues of varied beauty blending,  
What fair celestial towers descending!—  
O Salem! city of our God!  
The saints'—the Martyrs' blest abode—  
I see thy gates of pearl unfold!  
I see thy streets of burnish'd gold!  
I see thy towers in crystal shine!  
Meet temple for a King Divine.  
Hail! perfect, pure in virgin pride,  
The Mighty Lamb's resplendent bride!  
Within thy hallowed courts are found  
No lurking cares to vex or wound;  
No dim eye sheds the hopeless tear,  
No bosom throbs with doubt or fear:  
And hush'd, is Shame's tumultuous thrill,  
And Passion's warring storm is still.  
No bright sun beams by day—by night,  
No pale moon sheds her feeble light,—  
But from that throne of living fire  
Where sits reveal'd th' Eternal Sire,  
Where Seraph's raise their loudest strain,  
To hail the Lamb that once was slain—  
Though FAITH and HOPE have pass'd away,  
Love sheds a pure unchanging ray,  
What faintly shone on earth before,  
Now beams and burns for evermore.

DALE'S OUTLAW OF TAURUS.

FINIS.







North

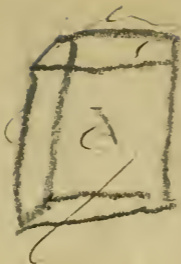
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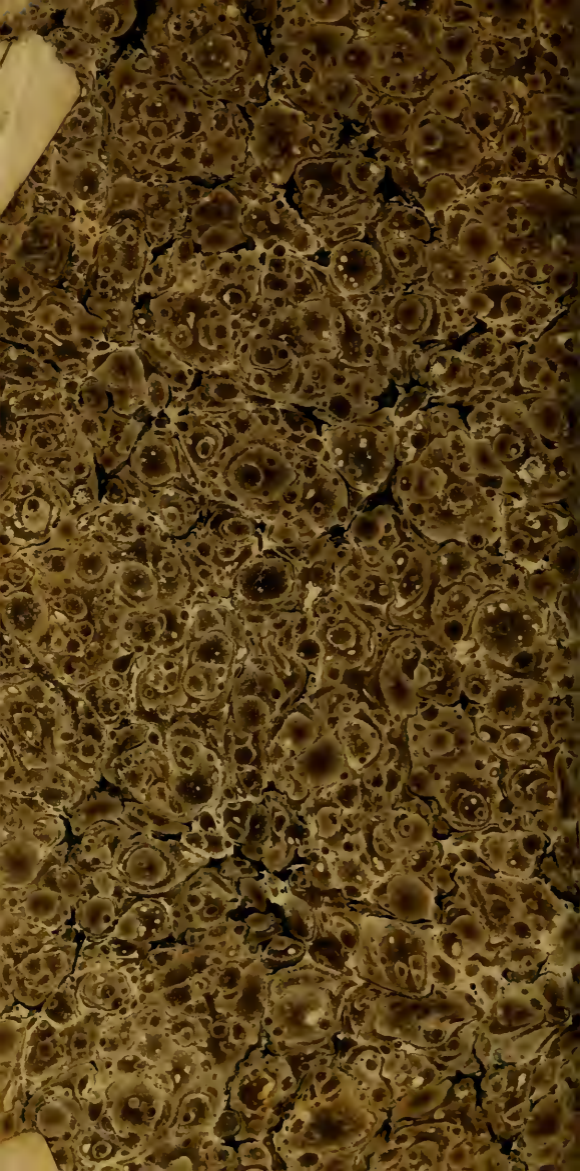
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